

THE DRAMATIC
WORKS *Muspy 1746*

O F

SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

TASTE.

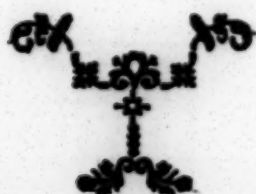
The ENGLISHMAN at
PARIS.

The AUTHOR.

The ENGLISHMAN re-
turn'd from PARIS.

AND

The KNIGHTS.



LONDON:

Printed for P. VAILLANT, and T. LOWNDES.

[Price bound 18 Shillings.]





- 1 Head from Herculaneum, whether Jupiter Tonans . or Venus of Paphos, doubted.
- 2 The Foot with the Toes entire, of Juno Lucina .
- 3 The Hand of the Apollo of Delphos .
- 4 The Calf of the left Leg of the Infant Hercules.
- 5 The Caduceus of Mercurius Infernalis .

1.

T A S T E.

A

C O M E D Y,

Of T W O A C T S.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;

*Be rich in ancient Brass, tho' not in Gold,
And keep his Lares tho' his House be sold;
To headless Phœbe his fair Bride postpone,
Honour a Syrian Prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two.*

POPE's Dunciad.

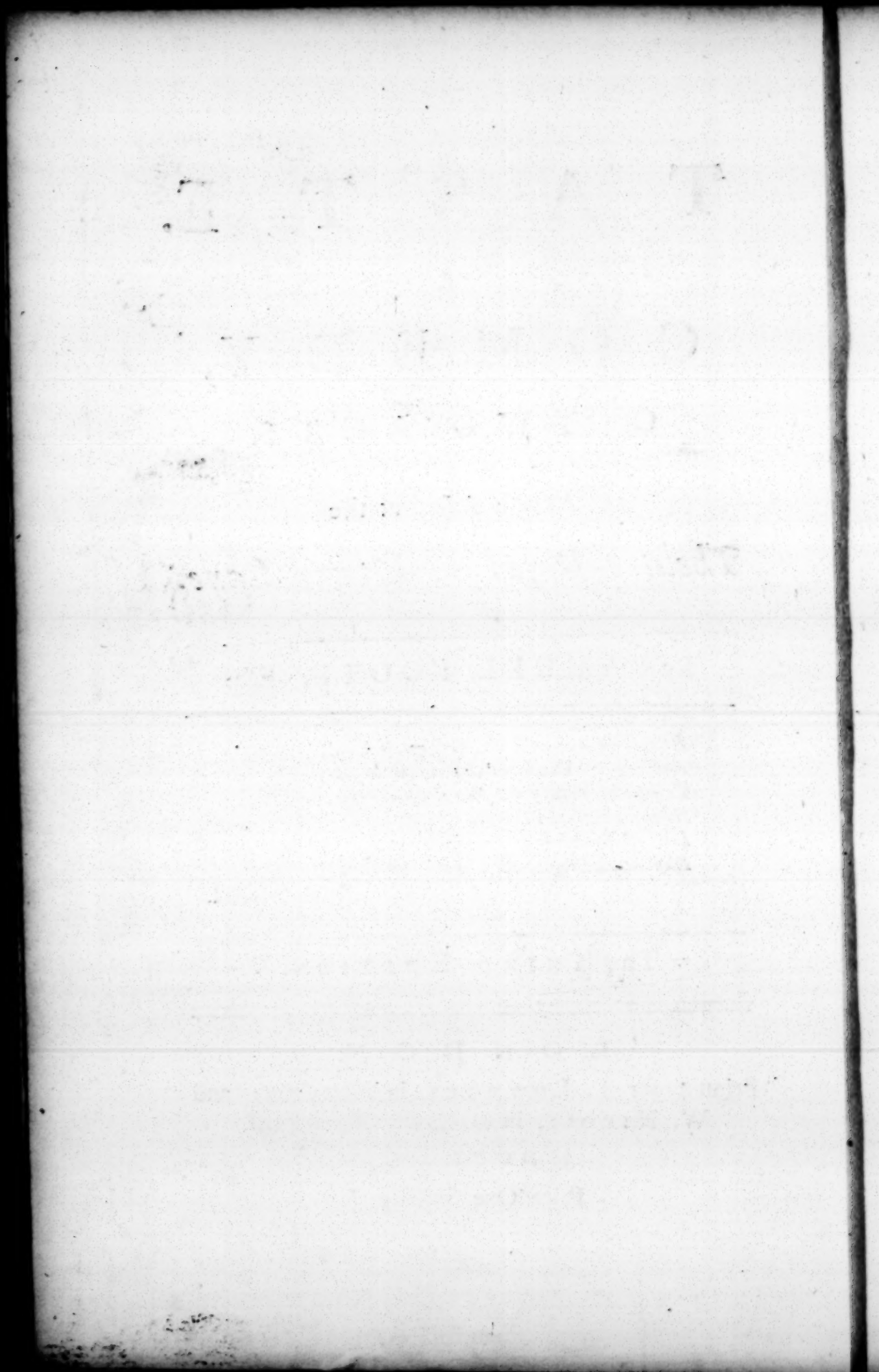
The THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N,

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in *Fleet-street*; and
W. NICOLL, in *St. Paul's Church Yard*.

M D C C L X V.

[Price One Shilling.]



T O

Francis Delaval, Esq;

S I R,

WHEN I consider the long Intimacy that has subsisted betwixt us, the Obligations I owe to your generous, disinterested Friendship, and the Protection and Encouragement I received both from you and your Brother, when Necessity list'd me in the Service of the Public; there is no Man to whom with equal Propriety and Pleasure I can address the following Work. It would be paying a bad Compliment to the Town, were I to trouble you with an Apology for the Inconsiderableness of the Present. I thought it worthy their Attention, and consequently not beneath the Acceptance of my Friend. With the Aid of a Love-Plot I could have spun out the Piece to the Extent of five Acts; but besides that I wanted to confine the Eye to the single Object of my Satire, I declare myself a

vi D E D I C A T I O N.

Rebel to this universal Tyrant, who, not contented with exciting all that is pitiful or terrible in human Nature, has claimed the Privilege of occasioning every thing that is ridiculous or contemptible in it; and thus, from the abject Submission of our dramatic *Poets*, is both *Tragedy* and *Comedy* subjected to the Power of *Love*. It may be thought presumptuous in me, to have dignified so short a Performance with the Name of a *Comedy*; but when my Reasons why it cannot be called a *Farce* are considered, the *Critics* must indulge me with the Use of that Title; at least till they can furnish me with a better. As the Follies and Absurdities of Men are the sole Objects of *Comedy*, so the Powers of the Imagination (Plot and Incident excepted) are in this kind of Writing greatly restrained. No unnatural Assemblages, no Creatures of the Fancy, can procure the Protection of the *Comic Muse*; Men and Things must appear as they are. It is employed either in debasing lofty Subjects, or in raising humble Ones. Of the two Kinds we have Examples in the *Tom Thumb* of Mr. F——, and a Travestie of the *Ulysses*, where *Penelope* keeps an Ale-house, *Telemachus* is a Tapster, and the *Heroe* a recruiting Serjeant. In both these Instances you see Nature is reversed; but as I flatter myself, in the following Sheets her Steps have been trode with an undeviating Simplicity, give me leave

D E D I C A T I O N. vii

to hope, that though I have not attained the *Togata*, yet I have reached the *Tabernaria* of the *Romans*. I once intended to have thrown into this Address, the Contents of many of our Conversations on the Subject of *Comedy*; for in whatever Dissipations the World may suppose our Days to have been consumed, many, many Hours have been consecrated to other Subjects than generally employ the Gay and the Giddy. I hope the present Occasion will demonstrate, that Pleasure has not been always my Pursuit; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, it will soon be discovered, that, joined to the acknowledged best Heart in the World, Mr. *Delaval* has a Head capable of directing it. As I am now above the Reach of common Obligations, an Acknowledgment of these Qualities, in the Person of a Man who has honoured me with his Friendship, is the sole Cause of the Trouble you now receive. Long has been our Union, may it never be divided till the fatal Stroke, that demolishes all sublunary Connections, shall reach One of us, which One will, I hope, be

Your obliged, and

affectionate Servant,

S A M U E L F O O T E.

P R E F A C E.

I Was always apprehensive that the Subject of the following Piece was too abstracted and singular for the Comprehension of a mix'd Assembly. Juno Lucina, Jupiter Tonans, Phidias, Praxiteles, with the other Gentlemen and Ladies of Antiquity, were, I dare say, utterly unknown to my very good Friends of the Gallery; nor, to speak the Truth, do I believe they had many Acquaintances in the other Parts of the House. But tho' I despair of gratifying the Populum Tributim of the THEATRE, yet I flatter myself the Primores Populi will find me no disagreeable Companion in the Closet, et satis magnum Theatrum mihi estis.

I was neither prompted by a lucrative, nor an ambitious Motive to this Undertaking. My Design was to serve a Man, who had ever great Merit with his Friends, and to whom, on the Score of some late Transactions, I think the Public vastly indebted. That my good Intentions for Mr. WORSDALE have proved successful, is intirely owing to the Generosity and Humanity of the Managers of Drury-Lane THEATRE; they have given him a Benefit,
and

P R E F A C E.

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and are jointly entitled to my Thanks; but as to Mr. GARRICK, I have more personal Obligations. I take this Opportunity of assuring him, that I shall ever retain the most grateful Remembrance of his Assistance, Assiduity, and kind Concern, at the Birth, Progress, and untimely End of this my last and favourite Offspring.

The Objects of my Satire were such as I thought, whether they were considered in a moral, a political, or a ridiculous Light, deserved the Notice of the Comic Muse. I was determined to brand those Goths in Science, who had prostituted the useful Study of Antiquity to trifling superficial Purposes; who had blasted the Progress of the elegant Arts amongst us, by unpardonable Frauds and absurd Prejudices; and who had corrupted the Minds and Morals of our Youth, by persuading them, that what only serves to illustrate Literature was true Learning, and active Idleness real Business. How far this End has been obtained, is now, in the following Sheets, more generally submitted to the Public.

PROLOGUE.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. GARRICK,

And spoken by him in the Character of an *Auctioneer*.

BEFORE this Court, I PETER PUFF appear,
 A Briton born, and bred an Auctioneer;
 Who for myself, and eke a hundred others,
 My useful, honest, learned, bawling Brothers,
 With much Humility and Fear implore ye,
 To lay our present, desp'rate Case before ye. —
 'Tis said this Night a certain Wag intends
 To laugh at us, our Calling, and our Friends:
 If Lords and Ladies, and such dainty Folks,
 Are cur'd of Auction-bunting by his Jokes!
 Should this odd Doctrine spread throughout the Land,
 Before you buy, be sure to understand,
 Oh! think on us what various Ills will flow,
 When Great Ones only purchase — what they know.
 Why laugh at TASTE? It is a harmless Fashion,
 And quite subdues each detrimental Passion;
 The Fair Ones Hearts will ne'er incline to Man,
 While thus they rage for — China and Japan.
 The Virtuoso, too, and Connoisseur,
 Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;
 The smallest Hair their looser Thoughts might hold,
 Just warm when single, and when married, cold:
 Their Blood at Sight of Beauty gently flows;
 Their Venus must be old, and want a Nose!
 No am'rous Passion with deep Knowledge thrives;
 'Tis the Complaint, indeed, of all our Wives!

'Tis

PROLOGUE.

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'Tis said Virtù to such a Height is grown,
 All Artists are encourag'd — but our own.
 Be not deceiv'd, I here declare on Oath,
 I never yet sold Goods of foreign Growth:
 Ne'er sent Commissions out to Greece or Rome;
 My best Antiquities are made at Home.
 I've Romans, Greeks, Italians near at hand,
 True Britons all — and living in the Strand.
 I ne'er for Trinkets rack my Pericranium,
 They furnish out my Room from Herculaneum.
 But hush —
 Should it be known that English are employ'd,
 Our Manufacture is at once destroy'd;
 No Matter what our Countrymen deserve,
 They'll thrive as Ancients, but as Moderns starve —
 If we should fall — to you it will be owing;
 Farewell to Arts — they're going, going, going;
 The fatal Hammer's in your Hand, oh Town!
 Then set Us up — and knock the POET down.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ, 1753.

<i>Carmine,</i>	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
<i>Puff,</i>	<i>Mr. Yates.</i>
<i>Brush,</i>	<i>Mr. Cross.</i>
<i>Novice,</i>	<i>Mr. Blakes.</i>
<i>Lord Dupe,</i>	<i>Mr. Shuter.</i>
<i>Alderman Pentweazel,</i>	<i>Mr. Tafwell.</i>
<i>Caleb,</i>	<i>Mr. Costollo.</i>
<i>Boy,</i>	<i>Master Cross.</i>
<i>Lady Pentweazel,</i>	<i>Mr. Wordsdale.</i>

(1)

T A S T E.

A
C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *A Painting Room.*

Enter CARMINE, followed by the Boy.

CARMINE. **L**AY these Colours in
the Window, by the
Pallet. Any Visitors
or Messages?

Boy. 'Squire *Felltree* has been here, and
insists upon Miss *Racket's* Pictures being
immediately finish'd, and carry'd Home——
As to his Wife and Children, he says, you
may take your own Time.

Carm.

Carm. Well——

Boy. Here has been a Message too, from my Lady *Pen*—— I can't remember her Name, but 'tis upon the Slate. She desires to know if you will be at Home about Noon.

Carm. Fetch it.

(*Exit Boy.*

Was the Whole of our Profession confined to the mere Business of it, the Employment would be pleasing as well as profitable; but as Matters are now managed, the Art is the last thing to be regarded. Family Connections, private Recommendations, and an easy, genteel Method of Flattering, is to supply the Delicacy of a *Guido*, the Colouring of a *Reubens*, and the Design of a *Raphael*—— all their Qualities centring in one Man, without the first Requisites, would be useless; and with these, not one of them is necessary.

Enter Boy with the Slate.

Carm. Let's see—— Oh! Lady *Pentweazel* from *Blowbladder-street*—— Admit her by all Means; and if *Puff* or *Varnish* should come, I am at Home. (*Exit Boy.*
Lady *Pentweazel*! ha! ha! Now here's a Proof that Avarice is not the only, or last Passion Old Age is subject to—— this superannuated Beldame gapes for Flattery, like
a Nest

a Nest of unfledg'd Crows for Food ; and with them, too, gulps down every thing that's offer'd her —— no matter how coarse ; well, she shall be fed ; I'll make her my introductory Key to the whole Bench of *Aldermen*.

Enter Boy with Puff.

Boy. Mr. *Puff*, Sir.

Carm. Let us be private. What have you there ?

Puff. Two of *Rembrandt's* etching by *Scrape*, in *May's Buildings* ; a paltry Affair, a poor Ten Guinea Job ; however, a small Game —— you know the Proverb —— What became of you Yesterday ?

Carm. I was detained by Sir *Positive Bubble*. How went the Pictures ? The *Guido*, what did that fetch ?

Puff. One hundred and thirty.

Carm. Hum ! Four Guineas the Frame, Three the Painting ; then we divide just One hundred and twenty-three.

Puff. Hold —— not altogether so fast —— *Varnish* had two Pieces for bidding against *Squander* ; and *Brush* five, for bringing Sir *Tawdry Trifle*.

Carm. Mighty well ; look ye, Mr. *Puff*, if these People are eternally quarter'd upon
us,

us, I declare off, Sir ; they eat up the Profit. There's that damn'd *Brush* —— but you'll find him out. I have upon his old Plan given him Copies of all the Work I executed upon his Recommendation ; and what was the Consequence ? He clandestinely sold the Copies, and I have all the Originals in my Lumber-Room.

Puff. Come, come, *Carmine*, you are no great Loser by that. Ah ! that Lumber-Room ! that Lumber-Room out of Repair, is the best condition'd Estate in the County of *Middlesex*. Why now there's your *Susannah* ; it could not have produc'd you above Twenty at most, and by the Addition of your Lumber-Room Dirt, and the salutary Application of the 'Spaltham Pot, it became a *Guido*, worth a hundred and thirty Pounds ; besides, in all Traffick of this Kind, there must be Combinations. — *Varnish* and *Brush* are our Jackalls, and it is but fair they should partake of the Prey. Courage, my Boy ! never fear ! Praise be to Folly and Fashion, there are, in this Town, *Dupes* enough to gratify the Avarice of us all.

Carm. Mr. *Puff*, you are ignorant and scurrilous, and very impertinent, Mr. *Puff* ; and, Mr. *Puff*, I have a strange Mind to leave you to yourselves, and then see what a Hand you would make of it. —— Sir, if I do now and
then

then add some Tincts of Antiquity to my Pictures, I do it in Condescension to the Foible of the World; for, Sir, Age, Age, Sir, is all my Pictures want to render 'em as good Pieces as the Masters from whom they are taken; and let me tell you, Sir, he that took my *Susannah* for a *Guido*, gave no mighty Proofs of his Ignorance, Mr. *Puff*.

Puff. Why, thou Post-painter, thou Dauber, thou execrable White-washer, thou — Sirrah, have you so soon forgot the wretched State, from whence I dragg'd you. The first Time I set Eyes on you, Rascal! what was your Occupation then? Scribbling, in scarce legible Letters, Coffee, Tea and Chocolate on a Bawdy-house Window in *Goodman's-fields*.

Carm. The Meanness of my Original demonstrates the Greatness of my Genius.

Puff. Genius! Here's a Dog. Pray, how high did your Genius soar? To the daubing diabolical Angels for Alehouses, Dogs with Chains for Tanners Yards, Rounds of Beef and roasted Pigs for Porridge Island.

Carm. *Hannibal Scratchi* did the same.

Puff. From that contemptible State did not I raise you to the *Cat* and *Fiddle* in *Petticoat-lane*; the *Goose* and *Gridiron* in *Paul's Church-yard*; the first live Things you ever drew, Dog.

Carm. Pox take your Memory. Well, but, Mr. *Puff* — you are so —

B

Puff.

Puff. Nor did I quit you then : Who, Sirrah, recommended you to *Prim Stiff*, the Mercer upon *Ludgate-hill* ; how came you to draw the *Queen* there ?

(*Loud Knocks at the Door.*

Carm. Mr. *Puff*, for Heaven's sake ; dear Sir, you are so warm, we shall be blown —

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lady *Pen*——

Carm. Send her to the —— Show her up Stairs. Dear *Puff*——

Puff. Oh ! Sir, I can be calm ; I only wanted to let you see I had not forgot, tho' perhaps you may.

Carm. Sir, you are very obliging. Well, but now as all is over, if you will retreat a small Time —— Lady *Pentweazel* fits for her Picture, and she's ——

Puff. I have some Business at next Door ; I suppose in half an Hour's Time ——

Carm. I shall be at Leisure. Dear *Puff*——

Puff. Dear *Carmine* —— (*Exit Puff.*

Carm. Son of a Whore —— Boy, shew the Lady up Stairs.

Enter Lady Pentweazel.

Lady. Fine Pieces ! — very likely Pieces ! and, indeed, all alike. Hum ! Lady *Fussock*—— and, ha ! ha ! ha ! Lady *Glumstead*, by all that's

that's ugly — Pray now, Mr. *Carmine*, how do you Limners contrive to overlook the Ugliness, and yet preserve the Likeness.

Carm. The Art, Madam, may be convey'd in two Words; where Nature has been severe, we soften; where she has been kind, we aggravate.

Lady. Very ingenious, and very kind, truly. Well, good Sir, I bring you a Subject that will demand the Whole of the first Part of your Skill; and, if you are at Leisure, you may begin directly.

Carm. Your Ladyship is here a little ungrateful to Nature, and cruel to yourself; even Lady *Pentweazel's* Enemies (if such there be) must allow she is a fine Woman.

Lady. Oh! your Servant, good Sir. Why I have had my Day, Mr. *Carmine*; I have had my Day.

Carm. And have still, Madam. The only Difference I shall make between what you were, and what you are, will be no more than what *Rubens* has distinguished between *Mary de Medicis* a Virgin and a Regent.

Lady. Mr. *Carmine*, I vow you are a very judicious Person. I was always said to be like that Family. When my Piece was first done, the Limner did me after *Venus de Medicis*, which I suppose might be one of *Mary's* Sisters; but Things must change; to be fitting for my Picture at this Time of Day;

ha! ha! — but my Daughter *Sukey*, you must know, is just married to Mr. Deputy *Dripping*, of *Candlewick-Ward*, and would not be said nay; so it is not so much for the Beauty, as the Similitude. Ha! ha!

Carm. True, Madam; ha! ha! but if I hit the Likeness, I must preserve the Beauty. — Will your Ladyship be seated. (*She sits.*)

Lady. I have heard, good Sir, that every Body has a more betterer and more worserer Side of the Face than the other — now which will you chuse?

Carm. The Right Side, Madam — the Left — now, if you please, the Full — Your Ladyship's Countenance is so exactly proportion'd, that I must have it all; no Feature can be spar'd.

Lady. When you come to the Eyes, Mr. *Carmin*e, let me know, that I may call up a Look.

Carm. Mighty well, Madam — Your Face a little nearer to the Left, nearer me — your Head more up — Shoulders back — and Chest forward.

Lady. Bless me, Mr. *Carmin*e, don't mind my Shape this Bout; for I'm only in Jumps. — Shall I send for my Tabbys.

Carm. No, Madam, we'll supply that for the present — Your Ladyship was just now mentioning a Daughter — Is she — your Face a little more towards me — Is she the sole Inhe-

Inheritor of her Mother's Beauty? Or — have you —

Lady. That? ha! ha! ha! — why that's my youngest of all, except *Caleb*. I have had, Mr. *Carmine*, live born, and christen'd — stay — don't let me lye now — One — Two — Three — Four — Five — Then I lay fallow — but the Year after I had Twins — they came in Mr. *Pentweazel's* Sheriffralty; then *Roger*, then *Robin*, then *Reuben* — in short, I have had twenty as fine Babes, as ever trod in Shoe of Leather.

Carm. Upon my Word, Madam, your Ladyship is an admirable Member of the Commonwealth; 'tis a thousand Pities that, like the *Romans*, we have not some Honours to reward such distinguish'd Merit.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. *Carmine*, if Breeding amongst *Christians* was as much encouraged as amongst Dogs and Horses, we need not be making Laws to let in a Parcel of outlandish Locusts to eat us all up.

Carm. I am told, Madam, that a Bill for some such Purpose is about to pass, and that we begin now to have almost as much Regard for the Propagation of the Species, as the Preservation of the Game in these Kingdoms — Now, Madam, I am come to the Eyes — Oh! — that Look, that, that, I must despair of imitating.

Lady. Oh! oh! good Sir, have you found out that? Why all my Family by the Mother's Side were famous for their Eyes: I have a Great Aunt among the Beauties at *Windsor*; she has a Sister at *Hampton-Court*, a *perdigious* fine Woman — she had but one Eye, indeed, but that was a Piercer; that one Eye got her three Husbands — we were called the gimlet-ey'd Family. Oh! Mr. *Carmine*, you need not mind these Heats in my Face; they always discharge themselves about *Christmas* — my true Carnation is not seen in my Countenance. That's Carnation! Here's your Flesh and Blood! (*shewing her Arm.*)

Carm. Delicate, indeed! finely turn'd, and of a charming Colour!

Lady. And yet it has been employ'd enough to spoil the best Hand and Arm in the World, — Even before Marriage never idle; none of your galloping, gossiping, *Ranelagh* Romps, like the forward Minxes of the present Age. I was always employed either in painting your *Lanships*, playing upon the *Haspicols*, making Paste, or something or other — All our Family had a *Geno*; and then I sung! Every Body said I had a monstrous fine Voice for Musick.

Carm. That may be discern'd by your Ladyship's Tones in Conversation.

Lady.

Lady. Tones — you are right, Mr. *Car-mine*; that was Mr. *Purcel*'s Word. Miss *Molly Griskin*, says he (my Maiden Name) you have Tones.

Carm. As your Ladyship has preserved every thing else so well, I dare swear you have not lost your Voice. Will you favour me with an Air?

Lady. Oh! Sir, you are so polite, that it's impossible — But I have none of your new Playhouse Songs — I can give you one that was made on myself by *Laurence Lutestring*, a Neighbour's Son.

Carm. What you please, Madam.

Lady :

*As I was a walking by the Side of a River,
I met a young Damsel so charming and clever;
Her Voice to please it could not fail,
She sung like any Nightingale.*

Fal, de, rol; bugh, bugh, &c.

Bless me! I have such a Cough; but there are Tones.

Carm. Inimitable ones.

Lady. But, Mr. *Carmine*, you Limners are all *ingenus* Men — you sing.

Carm. A Ballad, or so, Madam; Musick is a Sister Art; and it would be a little unnatural not to cultivate an Acquaintance there.

Lady. Why truly we ought not to be ashamed of our Relations, unless they are poor; and then, you know —

Enter Boy.

Boy. Alderman *Pentweazel*, and Mr. *Puff*.

Lady. Oh! he was to call upon me; we go to the Auction. Desire him to walk up—Mr. *Pentweazel*, you must know, went this Morning to meet *Caleb*, my youngest Boy, at the *Bull and Gate*. The Child has been two Years and three Quarters at School with Dr. *Jerk*, near *Doncaster*, and comes To-day by the *York Waggon*; for it has always been my Maxum, Mr. *Carmine*, to give my Children Learning enough; for, as the old Saying is,

*When House and Land are gone and spent,
Then Learning is most excellent.*

Carm. Your Ladyship is quite right. Too much Money cannot be employed in so material an Article.

Lady. Nay, the Cost is but small; but poor Ten Pounds a Year for Head, Back, Books, Bed, and Belly; and they say the Children are all wonderful Latiners, and come up, lack-a day, they come up as fat as Pigs. — Oh! here they are; Odds me! he's a Thumper. You see, Mr. *Carmine*, I breed no Starvelings. Come hither, Child. Mind your Haviours. Where's your best Bow? Turn out your Toes. One would think he had learnt to dance of his Father. I'm sure my Family were none so awkward. There
was

was my Brother *George*, a perfect Picture of a Man; he danc'd, Lud! But come, all in good Time — Hold up thy Head, *Caleb*.

Ald. Pr'ythee, sweet Honey, let the Child alone. His Master says he comes on wonderful in his Learning; and as to your Bows and your Congees, never fear, he'll learn them fast enough at Home.

Lady. Lack-a-day! well said We now — If he does, I know who must teach him. Well, Child, and dost remember me? Hey? Who am I?

Caleb. Anon?

Lady. Dost know me?

Caleb. Yes; you be Mother.

Lady. Nay, the Boy had always a good Memory. And what hast learnt, *Caleb*, hey?

Caleb. I be got into *Æsop's Fables*, and can say all *As in præfenti* by Heart.

Lady. Upon my Word that's more than ever thy Father could.

Ald. Nay, nay, no Time has been lost; I question'd the Lad as we came along; I ask'd him himself —

Lady. Well, well; speak when you are spoken to, Mr. *Alderman*. How often must I — Well, *Caleb*, and hadst a good deal of Company in the Waggon, Boy?

Caleb. O Law! Powers of Company, Mother. There was Lord *Gorman's* fat Cook, a Blackamore Drumming Man, two Actor People,

People, a Recruiting Serjeant, a Monkey, and I.

Lady. Upon my Word, a pretty Parcel.

Caleb. Yes, indeed; but the —— the fat Cook got drunk at *Coventry*, and so fell out at the Tail of the Waggon; so we left she behind. The next Day the Serjeant ran away with the Showman's Wife; the t'other two went after; so only the Monkey and I came to Town together.

Carm. Upon my Word, the young Gentleman gives a good Account of his Travels.

Lady. Ay, ay, Mr. *Carmin*e, he's all over the Blood of the *Griskins*. I warrant the Child will make his Way. Go, *Caleb*, go and look at them pretty Paintings — Now, Mr. *Carmin*e, let us see if my good Man can find me out.

Ald. Lack-a-day; well, I profess they are all so handsome, that I am puzzled to know which is thine, Chuck.

Puff. I am surprized at your Want of Discernment, Mr. Alderman; but the Possession of a Jewel destroys its Value with the Wearer; now to me it seems impossible to err; and tho' Mr. *Carmin*e is generally successful, in this Instance he is particularly happy. Where can you meet with that Mixture of Fire and Softness, but in the Eyes of Lady *Pentweazel*?

Lady. Oh, Sir!

Puff.

Puff. That Clearness and Delicacy of Complexion, with that Flow of Ruddiness and Health.

Lady. Sir ! Sir ! Sir !

Puff. That Fall of Shoulders, Turn of Neck, set on Head, full Chest, taper Waste, plump —

Lady. Spare me, sweet Sir ! — You see, Mr. *Pentweazel*, other People can find out my Charms, tho' you overlook them — Well, I profess, Sir, you are a Gentleman of great Discernment ; and if Business should bring you into the City ; for, alas ! what Pleasure can bring a Man of your refined Taste there ! —

Puff. Oh ! Ma'am !

Lady. I say, Sir, if such an Accident should happen, and *Blowbladder-street* has any Charms —

Puff. Oh ! Ma'am ! Ma'am ! Ma'am ! Ma'am ! —

Lady. It is not impossible but we may receive you, tho' not equal to your Merits —

Puff. Ma'am !

Lady. Yet in such a Manner as to shew our Sense of them. Sir, I'm your very obedient.

Puff. Your Ladyship's most —

Lady. Not a Step.

Puff. Ma'am —

Lady. Sir — Mr. Alderman, your Bow to the Gentleman. The very finest.

Puff. Ma'am !

Lady.

Lady. Sir — Your most obedient.

Puff. Your devoted. (*Ex. Ald. and Wife.*)

Carm. Ha! ha! Well said, *Puff.* What a Calamity hast thou drawn upon the Knight! Thou hast so tickled the Vanity of the Harra-dan, that the poor Helpmate will experience a double Portion of her Contempt.

Puff. Rot them.

Carm. Come, *Puff*, a matrimonial Assistant to a rich Alderman is no contemptible Employment.

Puff. Ay, if it were a *Sine Cure*.

Carm. No, that you must not expect; but unless I am greatly mistaken in the Language of the Eyes, her Ladyship's were address'd to you with most persuasive Tenderness.

Puff. Well, of that hereafter — But to our Business. The Auction is about beginning; and I have promised to meet Mr. *David Dufledorpe*, Sir *Positive Bubble*, and Lord *Dupe*, to examine the Pictures, and fix on those for whom they are to bid — But since, we have settled the *German Plan*; so *Varnish* or *Brush* must attend them.

Carm. Oh! by all Means pursue that. You have no Conception how dear the foreign Accent is to your true Virtuoso; it announces Taste, Knowledge, Veracity, and, in short, every thing — But can you enough disguise the Turn of your Face, and Tone of your Voice; a Discovery of Mr. *Puff* in *Mynbeer Groningen* blasts us at once.

Puff.

Puff. Never fear me. I wish you may have equal Success in the Part of *Canto*.

Carm. Pho! mine's a Trifle. A Man must have very slender Abilities indeed, who can't for ten Minutes imitate a Language and Deportment that he has been Witness to for ten Years.

Puff. But you must get their Tones, their Tones; 'tis easy enough. Come, hand up here that there *Corregio*; an inimitable Piece, Gentlemen and Ladies: the very best Work of the best Master, Subject agreeable, highly finished, and well preserved; a Seat for the Ladies; hand it to Sir *Positive*; a going for fifty; speak, or it's gone for fifty: Joy to your Ladyship: Come, the next. But remember, let your Bob be bushy, and your Bow low.

Carm. Enough, enough; we are Strangers to each other, you know.

Puff. Absolute. Oh! but what Pictures of yours are in the Sale?

Carm. There's my Holy Family by *Raphael*; the Marriage in *Cana* by *Reuben Rouge*; *Tom Jackson's Teniers*; and for Busts, *Taylor's Head without a Nose from Herculaneum*.

Puff. Are the antique Seals come Home?

Carm. No; but they will be finish'd by next Week.

Puff. You must take Care of *Novice's* Collection of Medals — he'll want them by the End of the Month.

Carm.

Carm. The Coins of the first Emperors are now steeping in Copperas; and I have an *Otho*, a *Galba*, a *Nero*, and two *Domitians* reaking from the Dunghill. — The rest we can have from Doctor *Mummy*; a never failing Chap, you know.

Puff. Adieu.

Carm. Yours, Sir — a troublesome Fellow, this — confounded Memory — useful, tho' — Rounds of Beef and roasted Pigs! — must get rid of him — Ay, but when? — Why when? — when I have gain'd my Point. But how, how then? — Oh, then it does not signify Two Pence.

The End of the FIRST ACT.

A C T

A C T II.

*Enter Puff as Monsieur Baron de Groningen,
Carmine as Canto, and Brush.*

CANTO. **C**OME, bustle, bustle. *Brush*,
you introduce *Puff*. *Puff*, how
are you in your *German*?

Puff. I cannot speak for *Englandt*, but I can
mak understand very mightily. Will that do?

Brush. To a Hair. Remember you are
come hither to purchase Pictures for the Elector
of *Bavaria*. *Carmine*, you must clap Lord
Dupe's Coat of Arms on that half Length of
Erasmus; I have sold it him, as his Great
Grandfather's third Brother, for fifty Guineas.

Canto. It shall be done. — Be it my Pro-
vince to establish the Baron's Reputation as a
Connoisseur. — *Brush* has seen you Abroad at
the Court of the reigning Prince of *Blantin*.

Puff. Yes; I was do Business mightily for
Prince *Blantin*.

Brush. Your Portraits go first, *Carmine*.
Novice, Sir *Positive Bubble*, *Jack Squander*,
Lord *Dupe*, and *Mordecai Lazarus*, the Jew
Broker, have appointed me to examine with
them the History Pieces. — Which are most
likely to stick?

Canto.

Canto. Here's a Lift.

Brush. Hush, hide the *Erasmus*, I hear the Company on the Stairs.

(*Exit Carmine, and re-enter anon.*)

Enter Lord Dupe, Bubble, Squander, &c.

Lord. Mr. *Brush*, I am your devoted Servant. You have procured my Ancestor.

Brush. It is in my Possession, my Lord; and I have the Honour to assure your Lordship, that the Family Features are very discernible; and allowing for the Difference of Dress, there's a strong Likeness between you and your Predecessor.

Lord. Sir, you have oblig'd me. All these you have mark'd in the Catalogue are Originals?

Brush. Undoubted. But, my Lord, you need not depend solely on my Judgment; here's Mynheer Baron *de Groningen*, who is come hither to survey, and purchase for the Elector of *Bavaria*; an indisputable Connoisseur; his Bidding will be a Direction for your Lordship. 'Tis a thousand Pities that any of these Masters should quit *England*. They were conducted hither at an immense Expence; and if they now leave us, what will it be but a public Declaration, that all Taste and liberal Knowledge is vanish'd from amongst us?

Lord. Sir — leave the support of the national Credit to my Care. Could you introduce me to Mynheer? — Does he speak *English*?

Brush.

Brush. Not fluently, but so as to be understood. Mynheer, Lord *Dupe* — the Patron of Arts, the *Petronius* for Taste, and for well-timed Generosity, the *Leo* — and the *Mæcenæ*s — of the present Age, desires to know you.

Puff. Sir, you honour me very mightily. I was hear of Lord *Dupes* in *Hollandt*. I was tell he was one Delatant, one Curieuse, one Precieuse of his Country.

Lord. The *Dutch* are an obliging, civilized, well-bred, pretty kind of People. But, pray Sir, what occasions us the Honour of a Visit from you?

Puff. I was come to bid for Paints for de Elector of *Bavaria*.

Lord. Are there any here that deserve your Attention?

Puff. O! dare are good Pieces; but dare is one I likes mightily; the off Sky, and home Track is fine, and the Maister is in it.

Lord. What is the Subject?

Puff. Dat I know not; vat I minds, vat you call the Draws and the Colors.

Lord. Mr. *Canto*, what is the Subject?

Canto. It is, my Lord, St. *Anthony* of *Padua* exorcising the Devil out of a Ram-Cat; it has a Companion somewhere — Oh! here, which is the same Saint in a Wilderness, reading his Breviary by the Light of a Glow-worm.

Brush. Invaluable Pictures, both! and will match your Lordship's *Corregio* in the Saloon.

C

Lord.

Lord. I'll have them. What Pictures are those, Mr. *Canto*?

Canto. They are not in the Sale; but I fancy I could procure them for your Lordship.

Lord. This, I presume, might have been a Landskip; but the Water, and the Men, and the Trees, and the Dogs, and the Ducks, and the Pigs, they are all obliterated, all gone.

Brush. An indisputable Mark of its Antiquity; its very Merit; besides, a little Varnish will fetch the Figures again.

Lord. Set it down for me — The next.

Canto. That is a *Moses* in the Bulrushes. The blended Joy and Grief in the Figure of the Sister in the Corner, the Distress and Anxiety of the Mother here, and the Beauty and Benevolence of *Pharaoh's* Daughter, are Circumstances happily imagined, and boldly express'd.

Brush. Lack-a-day, 'tis but a modern Performance; the Master is alive, and an *Englishman* —

Lord. Oh! then I would not give it House-Room.

Puff. Here is a pretty Piece I find stick up here in de Corner: I was see in *Hollandt*, at *Loo*, a Piece mighty like; there was little Mices, that was nibble, nibble, nibble, upon vat you call Frumage, and little Shurels all with brush Tails ran up de Trees; and there was great Things, vat you call — Pshaw, that have long Bearts, and cry Ba,

Brush.

Brush. What, Goats?

Puff. Ay, dat was de Name.

Lord. I should think, by the Cheese and the Goats, Mynheer, yours was a *Welch* Piece, instead of a *Dutch*.

Puff. Ah, 'twas goot Piece. I wish to my Heart, Lord *Dupes* was have that Piece.

Enter Novice.

Novice. Where's Mr. *Brush*? My dear *Brush*, am I too late?

Brush. In pretty good Time.

Nov. May I lose my *Otho*, or be tumbled from my Phaëton the first Time I jehup my Sorrels, if I have not made more Haste than a young Surgeon to his first Labour. But the Lots, the Lots, my dear *Brush*, what are they? I'm upon the Rack of Impatience till I see them, and in a Fever of Desire till I possess them.

Brush. Mr. *Canto*, the Gentleman would be glad to see the Busts, Medals, and precious Reliques, of *Greece* and ancient *Rome*.

Canto. Perhaps, Sir, we may show him something of greater Antiquity — Bring them forward — The first Lot consists of a Hand without an Arm, the first Joint of the Fore-Finger gone, supposed to be a Limb of the *Apollo Delphos* — The second, half a Foot, with the Toes entire, of the *Juno Lucina* — The third, the *Caduceus* of the *Mercurius Infernalis*

fernalis — The fourth, the half of the Leg of the Infant *Hercules* — all indisputable Antiques, and of the *Memphian* Marble.

Puff. Let me see *Juno's* half Foot. All the Toes entire?

Canto. All.

Puff. Here is a little Swelt by this Toe, that looks bad Proportion.

All. Hey, hey.

Puff. What's dat?

Canto. That! Pshaw! that! Why that's only a Corn.

All. Oh!

Puff. Corn! dat was extreme natural; dat is fine; the Maister is in it.

All. Very fine! Invaluable!

Puff. Where is de *Hercules'* Calf? Upon my Word 'tis a very large Calf; big, big, big, all de Way up, all de Way down.

Lord. I believe this *Hercules* was an *Irish* Man.

Nov. But where are your Busts? Here, here, Gentlemen; here's a Curiosity; a Medal of *Oriuna*; got for me by Doctor *Mummy*; the only one in the visible World; there may be some under Ground.

Lord. Fine, indeed! Will you permit me to taste it? It has the Relish. (*All taste.*)

Nov. The Relish! 'Zooks it cost me a hundred Guineas.

Puff. By gar, it is a dear Bit, tho'.

Nov.

Nov. So you may think ; but three times the Money should not purchase it.

Lord. Pray, Sir, whose Bust is it that dignifies this Coin ?

Nov. The Empress *Oriuna*, my Lord.

Lord. And who, Sir, might she be ? I don't recollect to have heard of the Lady before.

Nov. She, my Lord ? Oh ! she was a kind of a What d'ye call 'em — a Sort of a Queen, or Wife, or something or other to somebody, that liv'd a damn'd while ago — *Mummy* told me the whole Story ; but before Gad I've forgot it. But come, the Busts.

Canto. Bring forward the Head from *Herculaneum*. Now, Gentlemen, here is a Jewel.

All. Ay, ay, let's see.

Canto. 'Tis not entire, tho'.

Nov. So much the better.

Canto. Right, Sir — the very Mutilations of this Piece are worth all the most perfect Performances of modern Artists — Now, Gentlemen, here's a Touchstone for your Taste !

All. Great ! Great, indeed !

Nov. Great ? Amazing ! Divine ! Oh, let me embrace the dear dismember'd Bust ! a little farther off. I'm ravish'd ! I'm transported ! What an Attitude ? But then the Locks ! How I adore the Simplicity of the Antients ! How unlike the present, priggish, prick-ear'd Puppets ! How gracefully they fall all adown the Cheek ! so decent, and so

grave, and — Who the Devil do you think it is, *Brush*? Is it a Man or a Woman?

Canto. The Connoisseurs differ. Some will have it to be the *Jupiter Tonans* of *Pheidias*, and others the *Venus* of *Paphos* from *Praxiteles*; but I don't think it fierce enough for the first, nor handsome enough for the last.

Nov. Yes, handsome enough.

All. Very handsome; handsome enough.

Canto. Not quite — therefore I am inclined to join with Signor *Julio de Pampedillo*, who, in a Treatise dedicated to the King of the Two Sicilies, calls it the *Serapis* of the *Ægyptians*, and supposes it to have been fabricated about eleven hundred and three Years before the Mosaic Account of the Creation.

Nov. Prodigious! and I dare swear, true.

All. Oh! true, very true.

Puff. Upon my Honour, 'tis a very fine Bust; but where is de Nose?

Nov. The Nose; what care I for the Nose? Where is de Nose? Why, Sir, if it had a Nose, I would not give Six-pence for it — How the Devil should we distinguish the Works of the Antients, if they were perfect? — The Nose, indeed! Why I don't suppose, now, but, barring the Nose, *Roubiliac* could cut as good a Head every whit — *Brush*, who is this Man with his Nose? The Fellow should know something of something too, for he speaks broken *English*.

Brush,

Brush. It is Mynheer *Groningen*, a great Connoisseur in Painting.

Nov. That may be; but as to Sculpture, I am his very humble Servant. A Man must know damn'd little of Statuary, that dislikes a Bust for want of a Nose.

Canto. Right, Sir — The Nose itself without the Head, nay, in another's Possession, would be an Estate — But here are behind, Gentlemen and Ladies, an Equestrian Statue of *Marcus Aurelius* without the Horse; and a compleat Statue of the Emperor *Trajan*, with only the Head and Legs missing; both from *Herculaneum*. — This Way, Gentlemen and Ladies.

Enter Lady Pentweazel, Alderman, and Caleb.

Lady. Now, Mr. *Pentweazel*, let us have none of your *Blowbladder* Breeding. Remember you are at the Court-End of the Town. This is a *Quality Auction* —

Ald. Where of course nothing is sold that is useful. — I am tutor'd, sweet Honey.

Lady. *Caleb*, keep behind, and don't be meddling. Sir — (To *Brush*.)

Brush. Your Pleasure, Ma'am?

Lady. I should be glad you would inform me if there are any Lots of very fine old China. I find the *Quality* are grown infinitely fond of it; and I am willing to show the World, that we in the City have Taste.

Brush. 'Tis a laudable Resolution, Ma'am ; and, I dare say, Mr. *Canto* can supply — Bless me, what's that ?

(Caleb throws down a China Dish.

Lady. That Boy, I suppose ! Well, if the mischievous Brat has not broke a — and look how he stands — Sirrah, Sirrah, did I not bid you not meddle — Leave sucking your Thumbs. What, I suppose you learnt that Trick of your Friend the Monkey in the Waggon ?

Caleb. Indeed I did not go to do it, Mother.

Ald. Prythee, sweet Honey, don't be so passionate. What's done can't be undone. The Loss is not great ; come, come.

Brush. Mr. Alderman is in the right. The Affair is a Trifle ; but a twenty Guinea Job.

Lady. Twenty Guineas ! You should have twenty of my Teeth as —

Canto. You mean if you had them — Your Ladyship does not know the Value of that Piece of China. It is the right old Japan of the pea-green Kind. Lady *Mandarin* offer'd me, if I could match it, fourscore Guineas for the Pair.

Lord. A fine Piece, indeed !

Puff. 'Tis ver fine !

Caleb. Indeed, Father, I did not break it. 'Twas crack'd in the Middle, and so fell a two in my Hand.

Lady. What, was it crack'd ?

Caleb. Yes, indeed, Mother.

Lady. There, Gentlemen !

Lord.

Lord. Ma'am, I would willingly set you right in this Affair; you don't seem acquainted with these Kinds of Things; therefore, I have the Honour to tell you, that the Crack in the Middle is a Mark of it's Antiquity, and enhances it's Value; and these Gentlemen are, I dare say, of the same Opinion.

All. Oh, intirely.

Lady. You are all of a Gang, I think. A broken Piece of China better than a whole one!

Lord. Ma'am, I never dispute with a Lady; but this Gentleman has Taste; he is a Foreigner, and so can't be thought prejudiced; refer it to him; the Day grows late, and I want the Auction to begin.

Ald. Sweet Honey, leave it to the Gentleman.

Lady. Well, Sir.

Puff. Madam, I love to serve de Lady. 'Tis a ver fine Piece of China. I was see such another Piece sell at *Amsterdam* for a hundred Ducats. 'Tis ver well worth twenty Guinea.

Caleb. Mother! — Father! Never stir if that Gentleman ben't the same that we see'd at the Painting Man's, that was so zivil to Mother, only he has got a black Wig on, and speaks outlandish. I'll be fur enough if it en't a May-game.

Lady.

Lady. Hey! Let me die but the Boy's in the right. My Dear, as I'm alive, Mr. *Puff*, that we saw at the Limner's. I told you he was a more cleverer Man than I ever saw. *Caleb* is right; some Matter of Merriment, I warrant.

Puff. I wish it was. (*Aside.*) I no understand.

Canto. So, Master *Puff*, you are caught. (*Aside.*)

Lord. This is a most unfortunate old Lady. — Ma'am, you are here under another Mistake. This is Mynheer Baron *de* —

Lady. Mynheer Figs-end. Can't I believe my own Eyes? What, do you think, because we live in the City, we can't see?

Nov. Fire me, my Lord, there may be more in this than we can guess. It's worth examining into. Come, Sir, if you are Mynheer, who the Devil knows you?

Puff. I was know Maister *Canto* mightily.

Nov. Mr. *Canto*, do you know this Baron?

Canto. I see the Dog will be detected, and now is my Time to be even with him for his Rounds of Beef and roasting Pigs. (*Aside.*) I can't say I ever saw the Gentleman before.

Nov. Oh, oh!

Lord. The Fellow is an Impostor; a palpable Cheat. Sir, I think you came from the *Rhine*; pray, how should you like walking into the *Thames*?

Nov. Or what think you, my Lord? The Rascal complain'd but now that the Bust wanted

wanted a Nose ; suppose we were to supply the Deficiency with his?

Lord. But Justice, Mr. *Novice*.

Canto. Great Rascal, indeed, Gentlemen! If Rogues of this Stamp get once a Footing in these Assemblies, adieu to all moral Honesty. I think an Example should be made of him. But, were I to advise, he is a properer Subject for the Rabble to handle than the present Company.

All. Away with him —

Puff. Hands off. If I must suffer, it shall not be singly. Here is the obsequious Mr. *Brush*, and the very courtly Mr. *Canto*, shall be the Partners of my Distress. Know then, we all are Rogues, if the taking Advantage of the Absurdities and Follies of Mankind can be call'd Roguery. I own I have been a Cheat, and I glory in it. But what Point will you Virtuosi, you Connoisseurs, gain by the Detection? Will not the publishing of our Crimes trumpet forth your Folly?

Lord. Matchless Impudence!

Puff. My noble Lord here, the *Delatanti*, the *Curieu*, the *Precieu* of this Nation, what infinite Glory will he acquire from this Story, that the *Leo*, the *Mæcenas*, the *Petronius*, notwithstanding his exquisite Taste, has been drawn in to purchase, at an immense Expence, a Cart-load of — Rubbish.

Lord.

Lord. Gentlemen and Ladies — I have the Honour to take my Leave.

Puff. Your Lordship's most obedient — When shall I send you your *Corregio*, your St. *Anthony* of *Padua*, your *Ram Cat*, my good Lord?

Lord. Rascal. (*Exit.*

Nov. This won't do, Sir. — Tho' my Lord has not Spirit enough, damn me if I quit you.

Puff. What, my sprightly Squire! Pray favour me with a Sight of your *Oriuna*. — It has the Relish; an indisputable Antique; being a *Bristol* Farthing, coin'd by a Soap-Boiler to pay his Journeymen in the Scarcity of Cash, and purchased for two Pence of a travelling Tinker by, Sir, your humble Servant, *Timothy Puff*. Ha, ha, ha!

Nov. My *Oriuna* a *Bristol* Farthing!

Puff. Most assuredly.

Nov. I'll be revenged. (*Going.*

Puff. Stay, stay, and take your Bust, my sweet Squire; your *Serapis*. Two Heads, they say, are better than one; lay them together. But the Locks! how gracefully they fall all adown! so decent, and so — ha, ha, ha!

Nov. Confound you.

Puff. Why, Sir, if it had a Nose, I would not give Sixpence for it — Pray, how many Years before the Creation was it fabricated, Squire?

Nov. I shall live to see you hang'd, you Dog.

(*Exit.*
Puff.

Puff. Nay, but, Squire ; ha, ha, ha ! — Now, Madam, to your Ladyship I come ; to whose Discernment, aided by the Sagacity of your Son *Caleb*, I owe my Discovery.

Ald. Look you, don't think to abuse my Lady. I am one of the —

Puff. *Quorum* — I know it, Mr. Alderman ; but I mean to serve your Worship by humbling a little the Vanity of your Wife.

Lady. Come along, Chuck. I'll not stay to hear the Rascality of the Fellow.

Puff. Oh, my Lady *Pentweazel*, correct the Severity of that Frown, lest you should have more of the *Medusa* than the *Medicis* in your Face.

Lady. Saucy Jackanapes !

Puff. What, then, I have quite lost my City Acquaintance ; why, I've promised all my Friends Tickets for my Lord Mayor's Ball, through your Ladyship's Interest.

Lady. My Interest, indeed, for such a —

Puff. If *Blowbladder-street* has any Charms — Sir — Ma'am — Not a Step — The finest Gentleman ! ha, ha, ha ! — And what can you say for yourself, you cowardly ill-looking Rascal (*to Canto.*) Desert your Friend at the first Pinch — your Ally — your Partner — No Apology, Sir — I have done with you. From Poverty and Shame I took you ; to that I restore you. Your Crime be your Punishment. (*turning to the Audience.*)
Could

Could I be as secure from the Censure of this Assembly as I am safe from the Resentment of *Dupe, Novice, Squander*; from the alluring Baits of my amorous City Lady; and the dangerous Combination of my false Friend, I should be happy.

*'Tis from your Sentence I expect my Fate;
Your Voice alone my Triumph can compleat.*

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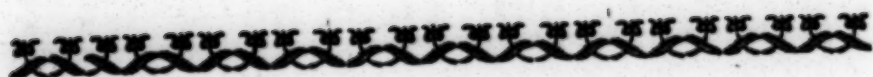
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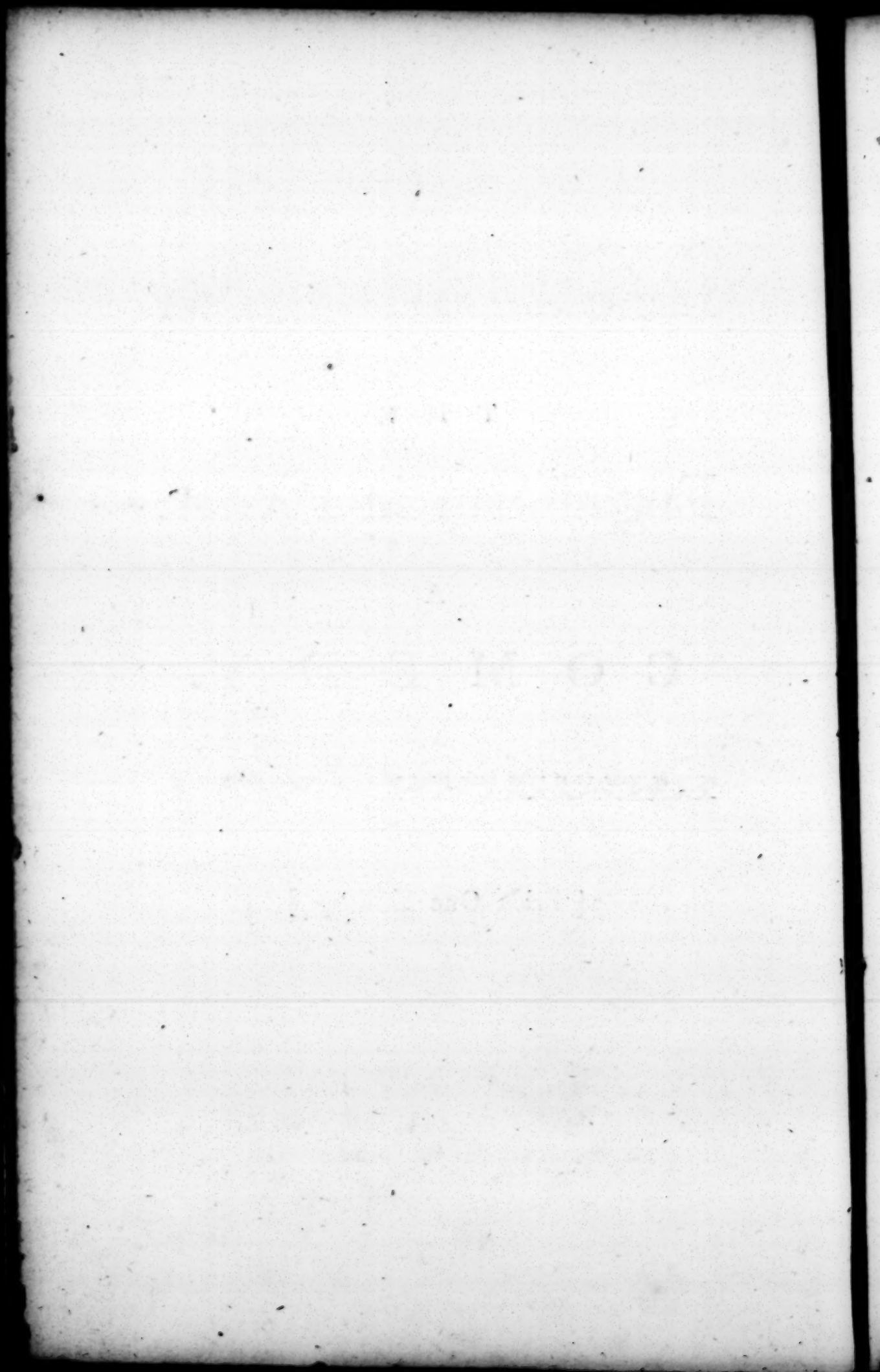




T H E
Englishman in P A R I S.
A
C O M E D Y.



[Price One Shilling.]



T H E
Englishman in PARIS.

A
C O M E D Y,

In Two A C T S.

As it is Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in COVENT-GARDEN.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq;



L O N D O N :

Printed for PAUL VAILLANT, facing *Southampton-*
Street, in the Strand. MDCCLXIII.



MY Bookseller informs me, that the Bulk of his Readers, regarding in a Work of this Kind the Quantity more than the Quality, will not be contented without an additional half Sheet; and he apprehends that a short Dedication will answer the Purpose.

BUT as I have no Obligations to any great Man or Woman in this Country, and as I will take Care that no Production of mine shall want their Patronage, I don't know any Person whose good Offices I so much stood in need of as my Bookseller's: Therefore, Mr. VAILLANT, I think myself obliged to you for the Correctness of the Press, the Beauty of the Type, and the Goodness of the Paper, with which you have decorated this Work of

Your humble Servant,

PALL-MALL, April 21,
1753.

SAM. FOOTE.

P R O L O G U E,

Between Mr. MACKLIN and his WIFE.

SHE. **T**O contradict me!—Blockhead! Idiot! Fool!
Sot!

HE. But amidst these hard Names, our Dispute is
forgot.

To contradict you I know is High-Treason;

For the Will of a Wife is always her Reason.

SHE. No, Sir, for once, I'll give up my Pretension,
And submit to the Pit our Cause of Dissention.

HE. I agree; for the Pit is our natural Lord.

LADIES, ———

SHE. ——— Hey! How come you to claim the first
Word!

GENTLEMEN, my Husband and I have had a Dis-
pute,

Where the Difference lies 'twixt a Man and a Brute;
Which we beg, whilst the Folks for the Farce are pre-
paring,

You would please to decide, and give us the Hearing.

——Hem! Hem!

After Plutarch of Rome! and Virgil of Greece!
And Iliads, and Eniends, and Authors like these;
I boldly affirm, deny it who can,
That in Laughter consists the true Essence of Man.
Whilst my Husband ———

HE,

PROLOGUE.

7

HE.——Nay, pray let me state my own Case,
And I'll make it as clear as the Nose in your Face,
That kissing in Man preserves the first Place.
To begin then with Critics;—'Tis their capital Bliss,
Than to laugh,—don't you find it more pleasing to kiss?
In this all agree;—Jews! Infidels! Turks!

SHE. I grant it, sweet Sir,——if you mean at your
Works.

Yet even 'gainst that I've a potent Objection;
For every Rule still has its Exception:
Tho' they kiss'd at your Farces, your Pasquin and
Stuff.

At your Tragedy sure they laugh'd hearty enough.
And again, Mr. Wiseman, regard the World round,
'Tis in Mankind alone that Laughter is found;
Whilst your favourite kissing, sage Sir, if you please,
You enjoy but in common with Serpents and Geese.

SHE. And ar'nt you asham'd—('tis no time to dis-
semble,)

O Critics! these Creatures in this to resemble?

HE. Not a jot; in this Place 'tis of singular Use,
Of bad Poets and Players to reform the Abuse.
In the Practice, kind Sirs! were I fit to advise,
The kissing like Geese I would have you despise,
And copy the Serpent,—be subtle and wise,
But free from his Venom——Well, Sirs! What d'ye
say?

Is your Judgment——

SHE. ————— Let us wait 'till the End of
the Play:

In the Progress of that we shall easily find,
Whether laughing or kissing is most to their Mind.

HE. I'm sure they will kiss.

SHE. And I hope they'll be kind.

Dramatis Personæ:

Mr. SUBTLE	Mr. <i>Collins.</i>
CLASSIC	Mr. <i>Anderson.</i>
BUCK	Mr. <i>Macklin.</i>
FATHER	Mr. <i>Bransby.</i>
MARQUIS	Mr. <i>Usher.</i>
ROGER	Mr. <i>Dunstall.</i>
DAUPHINE	Mr. <i>Stoppelaer.</i>
Peruke-Maker.	
Gamut, <i>Musick-Master.</i>	
Kitteau, <i>Dancing-Master.</i>	

Mrs. SUBTLE	Mrs. <i>Macklin.</i>
LUCINDA	Miss <i>Macklin.</i>

Servants, &c.



T H E

Englishman in PARIS.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Mr. SUBTLE and Mr. CLASSIC.

Mr. SUBTLE.

WELL, well, that may be ; but
still I say that a Frenchman——
Classic. Is a Fop ; it is their
national Disease ; not one of the
Qualities for which you celebrate them,
but owes its Origin to a Foible ; their
Taste is Trifling, their Gaiety Grimace,
and their Politeness, Pride.

Mr. Sub. Hey-dey ! Why what the
Deuce brings you to Paris then ?

Class. A Debt to Friendship ; not but I
think a short Residence here, a very neces-
sary Part in every Man of Fashion's Edu-
cation.

B

Mr.

Mr. *Sub.* Where's the Use?

Claff. In giving them a true Relish for their own domestic Happiness; a proper Veneration for their national Liberties; a Contempt for Adulation; and an Honour for the extended generous Commerce of their Country.

Mr. *Sub.* Why there, indeed, you have the Preference, Master *Claff*; the Traders here are a sharp Set; cozening People; Foreigners are their Food; Civilities with a—Aye! aye! a Congee for a Crown, and a Shrug for a Shilling; devilish dear, Master *Claff*, devilish dear.

Claff. To avoid their Exactions, we are, Mr. *Subtle*, recommended to your Protection.

Mr. *Sub.* Aye! and wisely they did, who recommended you: Buy nothing but on mine or my Lady's Recommendation, and you are safe. But where was your Charge? Where was Mr. Buck last Night? My Lady made a Party at Cards on Purpose for him, and my Ward Lucinda is mightily taken with him; she longs to see him again.

Claff. I am afraid with the same Set his Father sent him hither to avoid; but we must endeavour to inspire him with a Taste for the Gallantries of this Court, and his Passion for the lower Amusements of ours will diminish of course.

Mr.

Mr. Sub. All the Fraternity of Men-makers are for that Purpose without ; Taylors, Peruquiers, Hatters, Hofiers—Is not that Mr. Buck's English Servant ?

Enter Roger.

Class. Oh ! aye, honest Roger. So, the old Doings, Roger ; what Time did your Master come Home ?

Rog. Between Five and Six, pummell'd to a Jelly : Here been two of his old Comrades follow'd un already ; I count we shall ha' the whole Gang in a Se'nnight.

Class. Comrades, who ?

Rog. Dick Daylight and Bob Breadbasket the Bruisers : They all went to the Shew together, where they had the Devil to pay ; belike they had been sent to Bridewell, hadn't a great Gentleman in a blue String come by and releas'd them.—I hear Master's Bell ; do, Master Classic, step up and talk to 'un ; he's now sober, and may hearken to Reason.

Class. I attend him. Mr. Subtle, you won't be out of the Way. [*Exit Classic.*

Mr. Sub. I shall talk a little with the Tradesmen. A smoaky Fellow this Classic ; but if Lucinda plays her Cards well, we have not much to fear from that Quarter : Contradiction seems to be the Life and Soul of young Buck.—A tolerable Expedition this,

if it succeeds.—Fleece the Younger!—
'Pshaw, that's a Thing of Course!—but by
his Means to get rid of Lucinda, and se-
curely pocket her Patrimony;—aye! that
indeed——

Enter Mrs. Subtle.

Oh! Wife! Have you open'd the Plot?
Does the Girl come into it greedily, hey?

Mrs. Sub. A little squeamish at first; but
I have open'd her Eyes. Never fear, my
Dear, sooner or later Women will attend
to their Interest.

Mr. Sub. Their Interest! aye, that's true;
but consider, my Dear, how deeply our own
Interest is concern'd, and let that quicken
your Zeal.

Mrs. Sub. D'ye think I am blind? But
the Girl has got such whimsical Notions of
Honour, and is withal so decent and mo-
dest: I wonder where the Deuce she got it;
I am sure it was not in my House.

Mr. Sub. How does she like Buck's Per-
son?

Mrs. Sub. Well enough! But prithee,
Husband, leave her to my Management,
and consider we have more Irons in the Fire
than one. Here is the Marquis de Soleil to
meet Madam de Farde to Night,——and
where to put 'em, unless we can have Buck's
Apartment; Oh! by the bye, has Count Cog

sent you your Share out of Mr. Puntwell's
Lofings a Thursday?

Mr. *Sub.* I intend calling on him this
Morning.

Mrs. *Sub.* Don't fail! He's a slippery
Chap you know.

Mr. *Sub.* There's no fear. Well, but our
pretty Countrywoman lays about her hand-
somely! Ha!—Hearts by Hundreds!
Hum!

Mrs. *Sub.* Aye! that's a noble Prize, if
we could but manage her; but she's so in-
discreet, that she'll be blown before we have
made half our Market. I am this Morning
to give Audience on her Score, to two
Counts and a foreign Minister.

Mr. *Sub.* Then strike whilst the Iron's
hot: But they'll be here before I can talk
to my People; send 'em in prithee.

Enter Tradesmen.

Mr. *Sub.* So, Gentlemen; Oh! hush!
we are interrupted; If they ask for your
Bills, you have left them at Home.

Enter Buck, Claffie and Roger.

Buck. Ecod, I don't know how it ended,
but I remember how it begun. Oh! Mas-
ter Subtle, how do'st, old Buck, hey? Give's
thy

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thy Paw ! And little Lucy how fares it with she ? Hum !

Mr. Sub. What has been the Matter, Squire ? Your Face seems a little in Deshabille.

Buck. A Touch of the Times, old Boy ! a small Skirmish ; after I was down tho', a Set of cowardly Sons of — ; there's George and I will box any five for their Sum.

Mr. Sub. But how happen'd it ? The French are generally civil to Strangers.

Buck. Oh ! damn'd civil ! to fall seven or eight upon three : Seven or eight ! Ecod we had the whole House upon us at last.

Mr. Sub. But what had you done ?

Buck. Done ! why nothing at all ! But Wounds how the Powder flew about, and the Monsieurs scour'd.

Mr. Sub. But what Offence had either they or you committed ?

Buck. Why I was telling Domine : last Night, Dick Daylight, Bob Breadbasket and I were walking through one of their Rues I think they call them here, they are Streets in London ; but they have such devilish out-of-the-way Names for Things, that there is no remembering them ; so we see Crowds of People going into a House, and Comedy pasted over the Door ; in we troop'd with the rest, paid our Cash, and sat down on the Stage ; presently they had a Dance ; and one of the young Women with long Hair trailing

trailing behind her, stood with her Back to a Rail, just by me : Ecod what does me ! for nothing in the World but a Joke, as I hope for Mercy, but ties her Locks to the Rail ; so when 'twas her turn to figure out, souse she flapp'd on her Back ; 'twas devilish-comical, but they set up such an Uproar : one whey-fac'd Son of a Bitch, that came to loose the Woman, turn'd up his Nose, and call'd me *Bête* : Ecod, I lent him a Lick in his Lanthorn Jaws, that will make him remember the Spawn of old Marlborough, I warrant him : Another came up to second him, but I let drive at the Mark, made the Soup-Maigre rumble in his Bread-basket, and laid him sprawling ; then in pour'd a Million of them ; I was knock'd down in a trice ; and what happen'd after I know no more than you. But where's Lucy ? I'll go see her.

Class. Oh fye ! Ladies are treated here with a little more Ceremony : Mr. Subtle too has collected these People, who are to equip you for the Conversation of the Ladies.

Buck. Wounds ! all these ! What, Mr. Subtle, these are Mounseeres too I suppose ?

Mr. Sub. No ! Squire, they are Englishmen : Fashion has ordain'd, that as you employ none but Foreigners at home, you must take up with your own Countrymen here.

Class. It is not in this Instance alone we are particular, Mr. Subtle ; I have observ'd
many

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many of our pretty Gentlemen, who condescend to use entirely their native Language here, sputter nothing but bad French in the Side-boxes at Home.

Buck. Look you, Sir, as to you, and your Wife, and Miss Lucy, I like you all well enough ; but the Devil a good Thing else have I seen since I lost Sight of Dover ; the Men are all Puppies, mincing and dancing, and chattering, and grinning : the Women a parcel of painted Dolls ; their Food's fit for Hogs ; and as for their Language, let them learn it that like it, I'll none on't ; no, nor their Frippery neither : So here you may all march to the Place from whence you—Harkee ! What are you an Englishman ?

Barber. Yes, Sir.

Buck. Domine ! Look here, what a Monster the Monkey has made of himself ? Sirrah ! if your String was long enough, I'd do your Business myself you Dog, to sink a bold Briton into such a sneaking, snivelling—the Rascal looks as if he had not had a Piece of Beef and Pudding in his Paunch these twenty Years ; I'll be hang'd if the Rogue ha'nt been fed upon Frogs ever since he came over. Away with your Trumpery !

Claff. Mr. Buck, a Compliance with the Customs of the Country in which we live,
where

where neither our Religion or Morals are concern'd, is a Duty we owe ourselves.

Mr. Sub. Besides, Squire, Lucinda expects that you should usher her to public Places; which it would be impossible to do in that Dress.

Buck. Why not?

Mr. Sub. You'd be mobb'd.

Buck. Mobb'd! I should be glad to see that.—No! no! they ha'nt Spirit enough to mob here; but come, since these Fellows here are English, and it is the Fashion, try on your Fooleries.

Mr. Sub. Mr. Dauphine, come produce;—Upon my Word, in an elegant Taste, Sir; this Gentleman has had the Honour to—

Dauph. To work for all the Beaux Esprits of the Court. My good Fortune commenc'd by a small Alteration in a Cut of the Corner of the Sleeve for Count Crib; but the Addition of a ninth Plait in the Skirt of Marshal Tonerre, was applauded by Madam la Duchesse Rambouillet, and totally establish'd the Reputation of your humble Servant.

Buck. Hold your Jaw and dispatch.

Mr. Sub. A Word with you—I don't think it impossible to get you acquainted with Madam de Rambouillet.

Buck. An't she a Papist?

Mr. Sub. Undoubtedly.

Buck. Then I'll ha' nothing to say to her.

C

Mr.

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Mr. Sub. Oh fie! Who minds the Religion of a pretty Woman? Besides all this Country are of the same.

Buck. For that Reason I don't care how soon I get out of it: Come, let's get rid of you all as soon as we can. And what are you, hey?

Barb. Je suis Peruquier, Monsieur.

Buck. Speak English, you Son of a Whore.

Barb. I am a Perriwig-maker, Sir.

Buck. Then why could not you say so at first? What are you ashamed of your Mother Tongue? I knew this Fellow was a Puppy by his Pig-tail. Come, let's see your handy Work.

Barb. As I found you were in a Hurry, I have brought you, Sir, something that will do for the present: But a Peruke is a different Ouvrage, another Sort of a Thing here, from what it is *en Angleterre*; we must consult the Colour of the Complexion, and the *Tour de Visage*, the Form of the Face; for which End it will be necessary to regard your Countenance in different Lights:—A little to the Right, if you please.

Buck. Why you Dog, d'ye think I'll submit to be exercised by you?

Barb. Oh mon Dieu! Monsieur, if you don't, it will be impossible to make your Wig *comm' il faut*.

Buck.

Buck. Sirrah, speak another French Word, and I'll kick you down Stairs.

Barb. Gad's Curse! Would you resemble some of your Countrymen, who at their first Importation with nine Hairs of a Side to a brawny pair of Cheeks, look like a Saracen's Head! Or else their Water-gruel Jaws sunk in a Thicket of Curls, appear, for all the World, like a Lark in a Soup-dish!

Mr. Sub. Come, Squire, submit; 'tis but for once.

Buck. Well, but what must I do?

[Places him in a Chair.

Barb. To the Right, Sir;—now to the Left;—now your full—and now, Sir, I'll do your Business.

Mr. Sub. Look at yourself a little; see what a Revolution this has occasion'd in your whole Figure.

Buck. Yes! a bloody pretty Figure indeed! But 'tis a Figure I am damnably ashamed of: I would not be seen by Jack Wildfire or Dick Riot for fifty Pounds, in this Trim, for all that.

Mr. Sub. Upon my Honour, Dress greatly improves you. Your Opinion, Mr. Classic.

Class. They do mighty well, Sir; and in a little Time Mr. Buck will be easy in them.

Buck. Shall I! I am glad on't, for I am damnably uneasy at present, Mr. Subtle. What must I do now?

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Mr. Sub. Now, Sir, if you'll call upon my Wife, you'll find Lucinda with her, and I'll wait on you presently.

Buck. Come along Domine ! But harkee, Mr. Subtle, I'll out of my Tramels, when I hunt with the King.

Mr. Sub. Well ! Well !

Buck. I'll on with my Jemmy's ; none of your black Bags and Jack Boots for me.

Mr. Sub. No ! No !

Buck. I'll shew them the Odds on't ! old Silver-Tail ! I will ! Hey !

Mr. Sub. Ay ! ay !

Buck. Hedge, Stake, or Stile ! over we go !

Mr. Sub. Ay ! But Mr. Classic waits.

Buck. But d'ye think they'll follow ?

Mr. Sub. Oh no ! Impossible !

Buck. Did I tell you what a Chace she carry'd me last Christmas Eve, we unken-
nell'd at —.

Mr. Sub. I am busy now ; at any other Time.

Buck. You'll follow us. I have sent for my Hounds and Horses.

Mr. Sub. Have you ?

Buck. They shall make the Tour of Europe with me : And then there's Tom Atkins the Huntsman, the two Whippers-in, and little Joey the Groom comes with them. Dammy, what a strange Place they'll think this ? But no Matter for that ; then we shall
be

be Company enough of ourselves. But you'll follow us in?

Mr. Sub. In ten Minutes!—An impertinent Jackanapes! But I shall soon ha' done with him. So, Gentlemen; well, you see we have a good Subject to work upon. Harkee, Dauphine, I must have more than 20 per Cent. out of that Suit.

Dauph. Upon my Soul, Mr. Subtle, I can't.

Mr. Sub. Why I have always that upon new.

Dauph. New! Sir! Why as I hope to be—

Mr. Sub. Come, don't lie; don't damn yourself, Dauphine; don't be a Rogue; did not I see at Madam Fripon's that Waistcoat and Sleeves upon Colonel Crambo?

Dauph. As to the Waistcoat and Sleeves, I own; but for the Body and Lining—may I never see—

Mr. Sub. Come, don't be a Scoundrel; five and thirty, or I've done.

Dauph. Well, if I must, I must.

Mr. Sub. Oh! Solitaire! I can't pay that Draft of Mr. — these six Weeks; I want Money.

Sol. Je suis dans le meme cas—Je—

Mr. Sub. What d'ye mutiny, Rascal? About your Business, or——

[*Exeunt.*

I must keep these Fellows under, or I shall

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shall have a fine Time on't; they know they can't do without me.

Enter Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. The Calais Letters! my Dear.
Mr. Sub. (*reads.*) Ah! ah! Calais—the Dover Packet arrived last Night, Loading as follows: Six Taylors, ditto Barbers, five Milliners, bound to Paris to study Fashions; four Citizens come to settle here for a Month by way of seeing the Country; ditto their Wives; ten French Valets, with nine Cooks, all from Newgate, where they had been sent for robbing their Masters; nine Figure-dancers, exported in September ragged and lean, imported well clad and in good Case; twelve Dogs, ditto Bitches, with two Monkeys, and a Litter of Puppies from Mother Midnight's in the Haymarket: A precious Cargo! *Postscript.* One of the Coasters is just put in, with his Grace the Duke of ———, my Lord, and an old Gentleman, whose Name I can't learn. Gadso! Well, my Dear, I must run, and try to secure these Customers; there's no Time to be lost: Mean while——

Enter

Enter Claffic.

So, Master Claffic, what have you left the young Couple together?

Claff. They want your Ladyship's Presence, Madam, for a short Tour to the Tuilleries. I have received some Letters which I must answer immediately.

Mr. Sub. Oh! Well! Well! no Ceremony; we are all of a Family, you know, Servant. *[Exit.*

Claff. Roger!

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anon!

Claff. I have just received a Letter from your old Master; he was landed at Calais, and will be this Evening at Paris. It is absolutely necessary that this Circumstance should be conceal'd from his Son; for which Purpose you must wait at the Picardy Gate, and deliver a Letter I shall give you, into his own Hand.

Rog. I'll warrant you.

Claff. But, Roger, be secret.

Rog. Oh! lud! Never you fear!

Claff. So, Mr. Subtle, I see your Aim. A pretty Lodging we have hit upon; the Mistress a Commode, and the Master a—. But who can this Ward be? Possibly the
neglected

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neglected Punk of some riotous Man of Quality. 'Tis lucky Mr. Buck's Father is arriv'd, or my Authority would prove but an insufficient Match for my Pupil's Obstinacy. This mad Boy! How difficult, how disagreeable a Task have I undertaken? And how general, yet how dangerous an Experiment is it to expose our Youth, in the very Fire and Fury of their Blood, to all the Follies and Extravagance of this fantastick Court? Far different was the prudent Practice of our Forefathers,

*They scorn'd to truck, for base unmanly Arts,
Their native Plainness, and their honest Hearts;
When'er they deign'd to visit haughty France,
'Twas arm'd with bearded Dart, and pointed Launce.
No pompous Pageants lur'd their curious Eye,
No Charms for them had Fops or Flattery;
Paris they knew, their Streamers wav'd around,
There Britons saw a British Harry crown'd.
Far other Views attract our modern Race,
Trulls, Toupees, Trinkets, Bags, Brocades and Lace;
A flaunting Form, and a seditious Face.
Rouse! re-assume! refuse a Gallic Reign,
Nor let their Arts win that their Arms could never
gain.*

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT



A C T II.

Enter Mr. Claffie and Roger.

ROGER.

OLD Maister's at a Coffee-house next Street, and will tarry 'till you send for 'un.

Claff. Bye and bye, in the Dusk, bring him up the back Stairs. You must be careful that nobody sees him.

Rog. I warrant you.

Claff. Let Sir John know, that I would wait on him myself, but I don't think it safe to quit the House an Instant.

Rog. Ay, ay. *[Exit Roger.]*

Claff. I suppose, by this Time, Matters are pretty well settled within, and my Absence only wanted to accomplish the Scene; but I shall take Care to———Oh! Mr. Subtlé, and his Lady.

D

Enter

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! delightfully! Now, my Dearest, I hope you will no longer dispute my Abilities for forming a Female.

Mr. Sub. Never, never: How the Baggage leer'd!

Mrs. Sub. And the Booby gap'd!

Mr. Sub. So kind, and yet so coy; so free, but then so reserved; Oh! she has him!

Mrs. Sub. Aye! aye! the Fish is hook'd; but then safely to land him.—Is Claffie suspicious?

Mr. Sub. Not that I observe; but the Secret must soon be blaz'd.

Mrs. Sub. Therefore dispatch: I have laid a Trap to enflame his Affection.

Mr. Sub. How?

Mrs. Sub. He shall be treated with a Display of Lucy's Talents; her singing, dancing.

Mr. Sub. Pshaw! her singing and dancing!

Mr. Sub. Ah! you don't know, Husband, half the Force of these Accomplishments in a fashionable Figure.

Mr. Sub. I doubt her Execution.

Mrs. Sub. You have no Reason; she does both well enough to flatter a Fool; especially with Love for her second: Besides, I have a Coup de Maitre, a sure Card.

Mr.

Mr. *Sub.* What's that?

Mrs. *Sub.* A Rival.

Mr. *Sub.* Who?

Mrs. *Sub.* The Language-Master: He may be easily equipt for the Expedition; a second-hand tawdry Suit of Cloaths will pass him on our Countryman for a Marquis; and then to excuse his speaking our Language so well, he may have been educated early in England. But hush! the Squire approaches; don't seem to observe him.

Enter Buck.

For my Part, I never saw any Thing so alter'd since I was born: In my Conscience, I believe she's in Love with him.

Buck. Hush! [*Aside.*]

Mr. *Sub.* D'ye think so?

Mrs. *Sub.* Why, where's the Wonder? He's a pretty, good-humour'd, sprightly Fellow; and, for the Time, such an Improvement! Why he wears his Cloaths as easily, and moves as genteely, as if he had been at Paris these twenty Years.

Mr. *Sub.* Indeed! How does he dance?

Mrs. *Sub.* Why he has had but three Lessons from Marseil, and he moves already like Dupré. Oh! three Months Stay here, will render him a perfect Model for the English Court.

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Mr. Sub. Gadso! No wonder then, with these Qualities, that he has caught the Heart of my Ward; but we must take Care that the Girl does nothing imprudent.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! dismiss your Fears; her Family, good Sense, and more than all, her being educated under my Eye, render them unnecessary; besides, Mr. Buck is too much a Man of Honour to——

[He interrupts them.]

Buck. Damn me, if I an't.

Mrs. Sub. Bless me! Sir! you here! I did not expect——

Buck. I beg Pardon; but all that I heard was, that Mr. Buck was a Man of Honour, I wanted to have some Chat with you, Madam, in private.

Mr. Sub. Then I'll withdraw. You see I dare trust you alone with my Wife.

Buck. So you may safely; I have other Game in View. 'Servant, Mr. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. Now for a puzzling Scene: I long to know how he'll begin. Well, Mr. Buck, your Commands with me, Sir.

Buck. Why, Madam,—I ah—I ah—— but let's shut the Door: I was, Madam,——ah! ah! Can't you guess what I want to talk about?

Mrs. Sub. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Buck. Well, but try; upon my Soul I'll tell you, if you're right.

Mrs,

Mrs. Sub. It will be impossible for me to divine : But come, open a little !

Buck. Why, have you observ'd nothing ?

Mrs. Sub. About who ?

Buck. Why, about me !

Mrs. Sub. Yes ; you are new-dress'd, and your Cloaths become you.

Buck. Pretty well ; but it an't that.

Mrs. Sub. What is it ?

Buck. Why, ah ! ah !—Upon my Soul, I can't bring it out.

Mrs. Sub. Nay, then it's to no Purpose to wait : Write your Mind.

Buck. No ! No ! Stop a Moment, and I will tell.

Mrs. Sub. Be expeditious, then.

Buck. Why, I wanted to talk about Miss Lucinda.

Mrs. Sub. What of her ?

Buck. She's a bloody fine Girl ; and I should be glad to——

Mrs. Sub. To——Bless me ! What ! Mr. Buck ! And in my House ! Oh ! Mr. Buck, you have deceiv'd me ! Little did I think, that, under the Appearance of so much Honesty, you could go to——

Buck. Upon my Soul, you're mistaken.

Mrs. Sub. A poor Orphan too ! Depriv'd in her earliest Infancy of a Father's Prudence, and a Mother's Care.

Buck. Why I tell you——

Mrs. Sub. So sweet, so lovely an Innocence ;

30 The ENGLISHMAN

cence ; her Mind as spotless as her Person.

Buck. Hey-day !

Mrs. Sub. And me, Sir ! Where had you your Thoughts of me ? How dar'd you suppose that I would connive at such a —

Buck. The Woman is bewitch'd !

Mrs. Sub. I ! whose untainted Reputation the blistering Tongue of Slander never blasted. Full fifteen Years, in Wedlock's sacred Bands, have I liv'd unreprouch'd ; and now to —

Buck. Od's Fury ! She's in Heroics !

Mrs. Sub. And this from you too, whose fair Outside and bewitching Tongue had so far lull'd my Fears, I dar'd have trusted all my Daughters, nay, myself too, singly, with you.

Buck. Upon my Soul ! and so you might safely.

Mrs. Sub. Well, Sir, and what have you to urge in your Defence ?

Buck. Oh ! oh ! What are you got pretty well to the End of your Line, are you ? And now, if you'll be quiet a Bit, we may make a Shift to understand one another a little.

Mrs. Sub. Be quick, and ease me of my Fears.

Buck. Ease you of your Fears ! I don't know how the Devil you got them. All that I wanted to say was, that Miss Lucy
was

was a fine Wench ; and if she was as willing as me,—

Mr. Sub. Willing ! Sir ! What Demon—

Buck. If you are in your Airs again, I may as well decamp.

Mrs. Sub. I am calm ; go on.

Buck. Why that if she lik'd me, as well as I lik'd her, we might, perhaps, if you lik'd it too, be married together.

Mrs. Sub. Oh ! Sir ! if that was indeed your Drift, I am satisfy'd. But don't indulge your Wish too much ; there are numerous Obstacles ; your Father's Consent, the Law of the Land,——

Buck. What Laws ?

Mrs. Sub. All clandestine Marriages are void in this Country.

Buck. Damn the Country : In London now, a Footman may drive to May-Fair, and in five Minutes be tack'd to a Countess ; but there's no Liberty here.

Mrs. Sub. Some inconsiderate Couples have indeed gone off Post to Protestant States ; but I hope my Ward will have more Prudence.

Buck. Well, well, leave that to me. D'ye think she likes me ?

Mrs. Sub. Why to deal candidly with you, she does.

Buck. Does she, by ——

Mrs. Sub. Calm your Transports.

Buck.

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Buck. Well ! But how ? She did not, did she ! Hey ! Come now, tell —

Mrs. Sub. I hear her coming ; this is her Hour for Music and Dancing.

Buck. Could not I have a peep ?

Mrs. Sub. Withdraw to this Corner.

Enter Lucinda, with Singing and Dancing-Masters.

Luc. The News ; the News, Monsieur Gamut ; I die, if I have not the first Intelligence ! What's doing at Versailles ? When goes the Court to Marli ? Does Rameau write the next Opera ? What say the Critics of Voltaire's Duke de Foix ? Answer me all in a Breath !

Buck. A brave-spirited Girl ! She'll take a five-barr'd Gate in a Fortnight.

Gam. The Conversation of the Court your Ladyship has engross'd, ever since you last honour'd it with your Appearance.

Luc. Oh ! you Flatterer ! have I ! Well ! and what fresh Victims ? But 'tis impossible ; the Sunshine of a northern Beauty is too feeble to thaw the icy Heart of a French Courtier.

Gam. What Injustice to your own Charms and our Discernment !

Luc. Indeed ! nay, I care not ; if I have Fire enough to warm one British Bosom,
rule !

rule! rule! ye Paris Belles! I envy not your Conquests.

Mrs. *Sub.* Meaning you.

Buck. Indeed!

Mrs. *Sub.* Certain!

Buck. Hush!

Luc. But come, a Truce to Galantry, Gamut, and to the Business of the Day: Oh! I am quite enchanted with this new instrument; 'tis so languishing and so portable, and so soft and so silly: But come, for your last Lesson.

Gam. D'ye like the Words?

Luc. Oh! Charming! They are so melting, and easy, and elegant. Now for a *Coup de Essai*.

Gam. Take Care of your Expression; let your Eyes and Address accompany the Sound and Sentiment.

Luc. But, dear Gamut, if I am out, don't interrupt me; correct me afterwards.

Gam. Alons, commencés.

S O N G.

I.

PAR un matin Lisette se leva,
Et dans un bois seulette s'en alla.
Ta, la, la, &c.

E

II.

II.

*Elle cherchoit des nids de ça de là,
Dans un buisson le Rossignol chanta.*

Ta, la, la, &c.

III.

*Toute doucement elle s'en approcha,
Savez vous bien, ce qu'elle denicha.*

Ta, la, la.

IV.

*C'étoit l'Amour, l'Amour l'attendoit là,
Le bel Oiseau dit elle que voila.*

Ta, la, la.

V.

*La pauvre enfant le prit, le caressa,
Sous son mouchoir en riant le plaça.*

Ta, la, la.

VI.

*Son petit cœur aussitôt s'enflama,
Elle gemit, et ne sçait ce quelle a.*

Ta, la, la.

VII.

VII.

*Elle s'en va se plaindre à son papa,
En lui parlant la belle soupira.*

Ta, la, la.

VIII.

*Le bon Papa qui s'en doutoit déjà.
Lui dit je sçais un remede à cela.*

Ta, la, la.

IX.

*Il prit l'Amour, les ailes lui coupa,
D'un double noeud fermement le lia.*

Ta, la, la.

X.

*Dans la voliere aussitot l'enferma,
Chantez Fripon autant qu'il vous plaira.*

Ta, la, la.

XI.

*Heureusement la belle s'en tira,
Mais on n'a pas toujours ce secret là.*

Ta, la, la.

XII.

*Jeune beauté que l'Amour guetera,
Craignez le tour qu' à Lissette il joua.*

Ta, la, la.

Gam. Bravo! Bravo!

Buck. Bravo! Bravissimo! My Lady, what was the Song about? [*Aside to my Lady.*

Mrs. Sub. Love: 'Tis her own composing.

Buck. What, does she make Verses then?

Mrs. Sub. Finely. I take you to be the Subject of these.

Buck. Ah! D'ye think so! Gad! I thought by her ogling, 'twas the Music-Man himself.

Luc. Well, Mr. Gamut; tolerably well, for so young a Scholar.

Gam. Inimitably, Madam! Your Ladyship's Progress will undoubtedly fix my Fortune.

Enter Servant.

Luc. Your Servant, Sir.

Ser. Madam, your Dancing-Master, Monsieur Kitteau.

Luc. Admit him.

Enter Kitteau.

Monsieur Kitteau, I can't possibly take a Lesson this Morning, I am so busy; but if you please,

please, I'll just hobble over a Minuet by way of Exercise.

Enter a Servant. [After the Dance.

Serv. Monsieur le Marquis de——

Luc. Admit him this Instant.

Mrs. Sub. A Lover of Lucinda! a Frenchman of Fashion, and vast Fortune.

Buck. Never heed; I'll soon do his Business, I'll warrant you.

Enter Marquis.

Luc. My dear Marquis!

Mar. *Ma chere adorable!* 'Tis an Age since I saw you.

Luc. Oh! An Eternity! But 'tis your own Fault, though.

Marq. My Misfortune, *ma Princesse!* But now I'll redeem my Error, and root for ever here.

Buck. I shall make a Shift to transplant you, I believe.

Luc. You can't conceive how your Absence has distress'd me. Demand of these Gentlemen the melancholy Mood of my Mind.

Marq. But now that I am arriv'd, we'll dance and sing, and drive Care to the—Ha! Monsieur Kitteau! have you practis'd this Morning?

Luc.

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Luc. I had just given my Hand to Kit-teau before you came.

Marq. I was in Hopes that Honour would have been reserv'd for me. May I flatter myself that your Ladyship will do me the Honour of venturing upon the Fatigue of another Minuet this Morning with me?

Enter Buck briskly. Takes her Hand.

Buck. Not that you know of Monsieur.

Marq. Hey! *Diable! Quelle Bête!*

Buck. Harkee, Monsieur Ragout, if you repeat that Word *Bête*, I shall make you swallow it again, as I did last Night one of your Countrymen.

Mar. *Quel Sauvage!*

Buck. And another Word; as I know you can speak very good English, if you will; when you don't, I shall take it for granted you're abusing me, and treat you accordingly.

Marq. Cavalier enough! But you are protected here. Mademoiselle, who is this officious Gentleman? How comes he interested? Some Relation, I suppose!

Buck. No; I'm a Lover.

Marq. Oh! oh! a Rival! Eh Morbleu! a dangerous one too. Ha! ha! Well, Monsieur, what, and I suppose you presume to give Laws to this Lady; and are determin'd, out of your very great and singular

gular Affection, to knock down every Mortal she likes, *A-la-mode d'Angleterre*; Hey! Monsieur Roast-Beef!

Buck. No; but I intend that Lady for my Wife; consider her as such; and don't chuse to have her soil'd by the impertinent Addresses of every French Fop, *A-la-mode de Paris*, Mounfieur Fricaffy!

Marq. Fricaffy!

Buck. We.

Luc. A Truce; a Truce, I beseech you, Gentlemen: It seems I am the golden Prize for which you plead; produce your Pretensions; you are the Representatives of your respective Countries; begin, Marquis, for the Honour of France: Let me hear what Advantages I am to derive from a Conjugal Union with you.

Marq. Abstracted from those which I think are pretty visible; a perpetual Residence in this Paradise of Pleasures; to be the Object of universal Adoration; to say what you please, go where you will, do what you like, form Fashions, hate your Husband, and let him see it; indulge your Galant, and let t'other know it; run in Debt, and oblige the poor Devil to pay it. He! Ma chere! There are Pleasures for you.

Luc. Bravo! Marquis! These are Allurements for a Woman of Spirit; but don't let us conclude too hastily; hear the other Side:
What

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What have you to offer, Mr. Buck, in favour of England?

Buck. Why, Madam, for a Woman of Spirit, they give you the same Advantages in London as at Paris, with a Privilege forgot by the Marquis, an indisputable Right to cheat at Cards, in spite of Detection.

Marq. Pardon me, Sir, we have the same; but I thought this Privilege so known and universal, that 'twas needless to mention it.

Buck. You'll give up nothing, I find; but to tell you my blunt Thoughts, in a Word, if any Woman can be so abandon'd, as to rank amongst the Comforts of Matrimony, the Privilege of hating her Husband, and the Liberty of committing every Folly and every Vice contained in your Catalogue, she may stay single for me; for damn me, if I'm a Husband fit for her Humour; that's all.

Marq. I told you, Mademoiselle!

Luc. But stay, what have you to offer as a Counterbalance for these Pleasures?

Buck. Why, I have, Madam, Courage to protect you, Good-nature to indulge your Love, and Health enough to make Galants useless, and too good a Fortune to render running in Debt necessary. Find that here if you can.

Marq. Bagatelle!

Luc. Spoke with the Sincerity of a Briton; and as I don't perceive that I shall have any Use for the fashionable Liberties you

you propose, you'll pardon, Marquis, my national Prejudice, here's my Hand, Mr. Buck.

Buck. Servant, Monsieur !

Marq. Serviteur !

Buck. No Offence !

Marq. Not in the least ; I am only afraid the Reputation of that Lady's Taste will suffer a little ; and to shew her at once the difference of her Choice, the Preference, which if bestow'd on me, would not fail to exasperate you, I support without murmuring ; so, that Favour which would probably have provok'd my Fate, is now your Protection. *Voila la politesse Françoise*, Madam ; I have the Honour to be——*Bon Jour Monsieur.*
Tol de rol. *[Exit Marq.]*

Buck. The Fellow bears it well. Now if you'll give me your Hand, we'll in, and settle Matters with Mr. Subtle.

Luc. 'Tis now my Duty to obey.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Roger, peeping about.

Rog. The Coast is clear ; Sir, Sir, you may come in now, Master Classic.

F

Enter

Enter Mr. Claffic and the Father.

Claff. Roger, watch at the Door. I wish Sir John, I could give you a more chearful Welcome, but we have no Time to lose in Ceremony; you are arrived in the critical Minute; two Hours more would have plac'd the inconsiderate Couple out of the Reach of Pursuit.

Father. How can I acknowledge your Kindness? You have preserv'd my Son; you have sav'd——

Claff. I have done my Duty; but of that——

Rog. Maister and the young Woman's coming.

Claff. Sir John, place yourself here, and be a Witness how near a Crisis is the Fate of your Family.

Enter Buck and Lucinda.

Buck. Pshaw! What signifies her? 'Tis odds whether she'd consent, from the Fear of my Father. Besides, she told me, we
could

could never be married here ; and so pack up a few Things, and we'll off in a Post-Chaise directly.

Luc. Stay, Mr. Buck, let me have a Moment's Reflection.—What am I about ! Contriving in concert with the most profligate Couple that ever disgrac'd Human Nature, to impose an indigent Orphan on the sole Representative of a wealthy and honourable Family ! Is this a Character becoming my Birth and Education ? What must be the Consequence ? Sure Detection and Contempt, Contempt even from him, when his Passions cool.—I have resolv'd, Sir.

Buck. Madam.

Luc. As the Expedition we are upon the Point of taking is to be a lasting one, we ought not to be over-hasty in our Resolution.

Buck. Pshaw ! Stuff ! When a Thing's resolv'd, the sooner 'tis over the better.

Luc. But before it is absolutely resolv'd, give me Leave to beg an Answer to two Questions.

Buck. Make Haste then.

Luc. What are your Thoughts of me ?

Buck. Thoughts ! Nay, I don't know ; why that you are a sensible, civil, handsome, handy Girl, and will make a devilish good Wife. That's all I think.

Luc. But of my Rank and Fortune?

Buck. Mr. Subtle says they are both great; but that's no Business of mine, I was always determin'd to marry for Love.

Luc. Generously said! My Birth, I believe, won't disgrace you; but for my Fortune, your Friend, Mr. Subtle, I fear, has anticipated you there.

Buck. Much Good may it do him; I have enough for both; but we lose Time, and may be prevented.

Luc. By whom?

Buck. By Domine; or perhaps Father may come!

Luc. Your Father!—You think he would prevent you then.

Buck. Perhaps he would.

Luc. And why?

Buck. Nay, I don't know; but pshaw! 'Zooks! this is like saying one's Catechise.

Luc. But don't you think your Father's Consent necessary?

Buck. No! Why 'tis I am to be married, and not he. But come along, old Fellows love to be obstinate; but 'Ecod I am as muleish as he; and to tell you the Truth, if he had propos'd me a Wife, that would have been Reason enough to make me dislike her; and I don't think I should be half so hot
about

about marrying you, only I thought 'twould plague the old Fellow damnably. So, my pretty Partner, come along ; let's have no more——

Enter Father and Claffic.

Father. Sir, I am oblig'd to you for this Declaration, as, to it I owe the entire Subjection of that paternal Weakness, which has hitherto suspended the Correction your abandoned Libertinism has long provok'd. You have forgot the Duty you owe a Father, disclaim'd my Protection, cancell'd the natural Covenant between us ; 'tis Time I now should give you up to the Guidance of your own guilty Passions, and treat you as a Stranger to my Blood for ever.

Buck. I told you what would happen if he should come ; but you may thank yourself.

Fath. Equally weak as wicked, the Dupe of a raw giddy Girl. But proceed, Sir ; you have nothing farther to fear from me ; compleat your Project, and add her Ruin to your own.

Buck.

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Buck. Sir, as to me, you may say what you please ; but for the young Woman, she does not deserve it ; but now she wanted me to get your Consent, and told me that she had never a Penny of Portion into the Bargain.

Fath. A stale, obvious Artifice ! She knew the Discovery of the Fraud must follow close on your inconsiderate Marriage, and would then plead the Merits of her prior candid Discovery : The Lady, doubtless, Sir, has other Secrets to disclose ; but as her Cunning reveal'd the first, her Policy will preserve the rest.

Luc. What Secrets ?

Buck. Be quiet, I tell you ; let him alone, and he'll cool of himself by and by.

Luc. Sir, I am yet the Protectress of my own Honour ; in Justice to that, I must demand an Explanation. What Secrets, Sir !

Fath. Oh ! Perhaps a thousand ! But I am to blame to call them Secrets ; the Customs of this gay Country give Sanction, and stamp Merit upon Vice ; and Vanity will here proclaim what Modesty would elsewhere blush to whisper.

Luc.

Luc. Modesty!—You suspect my Virtue then!

Fath. You are a Lady; but the Fears of a Father may be permitted to neglect a little your Plan of Politeness: Therefore, to be plain; from your Residence in this House, from your Connexion with these People, and from the Scheme which my Presence has interrupted, I have Suspicions—of what Nature, ask yourself.

Luc. Sir, you have Reason; Appearances are against me, I confess; but when you have heard my melancholy Story, you'll own you have wrong'd me, and learn to pity her whom now you hate.

Fath. Madam, you misemploy your Time; there tell your Story, there it will be believ'd; I am too knowing in the Wiles of Women, to be soften'd by a Syren Tear or impos'd on by an artful Tale.

Luc. But hear me, Sir; on my Knee, I beg it, nay I demand it, you have wrong'd me, and must do me Justice.

Claff. I am sure, Madam, Sir John will be glad to find his Fears are false, but you can't blame him.

Luc. I don't, Sir, and I shall but little trespass on his Patience: when you know, Sir, that I am the Orphan of an honourable and once wealthy Family, whom her Father,

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ther, misguided by pernicious Politics, brought with him, in her earliest Infancy, to France ; that dying here, he bequeath'd me, with the poor remnant of our shatter'd Fortune, to the Direction of this rapacious Pair ; I am sure you'll tremble for me.

Fath. Go on !

Luc. But when you know that plunder'd of the little fortune left me, I was reluctantly compell'd to aid this Plot ; forced to comply under the Penalty of deepest Want ; without one hospitable Roof to shelter me, without one Friend to comfort or relieve me ; you must, you can't but pity me.

Fath. Proceed !

Luc. To this when you are told, that, previous to your Coming, I had determined never to wed your Son, at least without your Knowledge and Consent, I hope your Justice then will credit and acquit me.

Fath. Madam, your Tale is plausible and moving, I hope 'tis true ; here come the Explainers of this Riddle.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.

Mr. Sub. Buck's Father !

Fath.

Fath. I'll take some other Time, Sir, to thank you for the last Proofs of your Friendship to my Family ; in the mean Time, be so candid as to instruct us in the Knowledge of this Lady, whom, it seems, you have chosen for the Partner of my Son.

Mr. Sub. Mr. Buck's Partner—I chose
— I — I —

Fath. No Equivocation, or Reserve, your Plot's reveal'd, known to the Bottom ; who is the Lady ?

Mr. Sub. Lady, Sir,—the Lady's a Gentlewoman, Sir.

Fath. By what Means ?

Mr. Sub. By her Father and Mother.

Fath. Who were they, Sir ?

Mr. Sub. Her Mother was of—I forget her Maiden Name.

Fath. You han't forgot her Father's ?

Mr. Sub. No ! No ! No !

Fath. Tell it then.

Mr. Sub. She has told it you I suppose.

Fath. No Matter, I must have it, Sir, from you ; here's some Mystery.

Mr. Sub. 'Twas Worthy.

Fath. Not the Daughter of Sir Gilbert.

Mr. Sub. You have it.

Fath. My poor Girl ! I indeed, have wrong'd, but will redress you ; and pray, Sir, after the many pressing Letters you received

from me, how came this Truth concealed ?
 but I guess your Motive ; dry up your Tears,
 Lucinda, at last you have found a Father.
 Hence ye degenerate, ye abandon'd wretches,
 who, abusing the Confidence of your Coun-
 try, unite to plunder those ye promise to
 protect.

Luc. Am I then justified ?

Fath. You are : your Father was my first
 and firmest Friend, I mourn'd his Loss ;
 and long have sought for thee in vain, Lu-
 cinda.

Buck. Pray han't I some Merit in finding
 her, she's mine by the Custom of the Ma-
 nor.

Fath. Yours—First study to deserve her ;
 she's mine, Sir ; I have just redeem'd this
 valuable Treasure, and shall not trust it in
 a Spendthrift's Hands.

Buck. What would you have me do,
 Sir ?

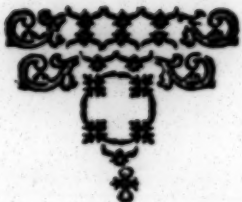
Fath. Disclaim the Partners of your
 Riot, polish your Manners, reform your
 Pleasures, and before you think of go-
 verning others, learn to direct yourself.
 And now, my beauteous Ward, we'll for
 the Land where first you saw the Light,
 and there endeavour to forget the long
 long Bondage you have suffer'd here. I
 suppose, Sir, we shall have no Difficulty
 in

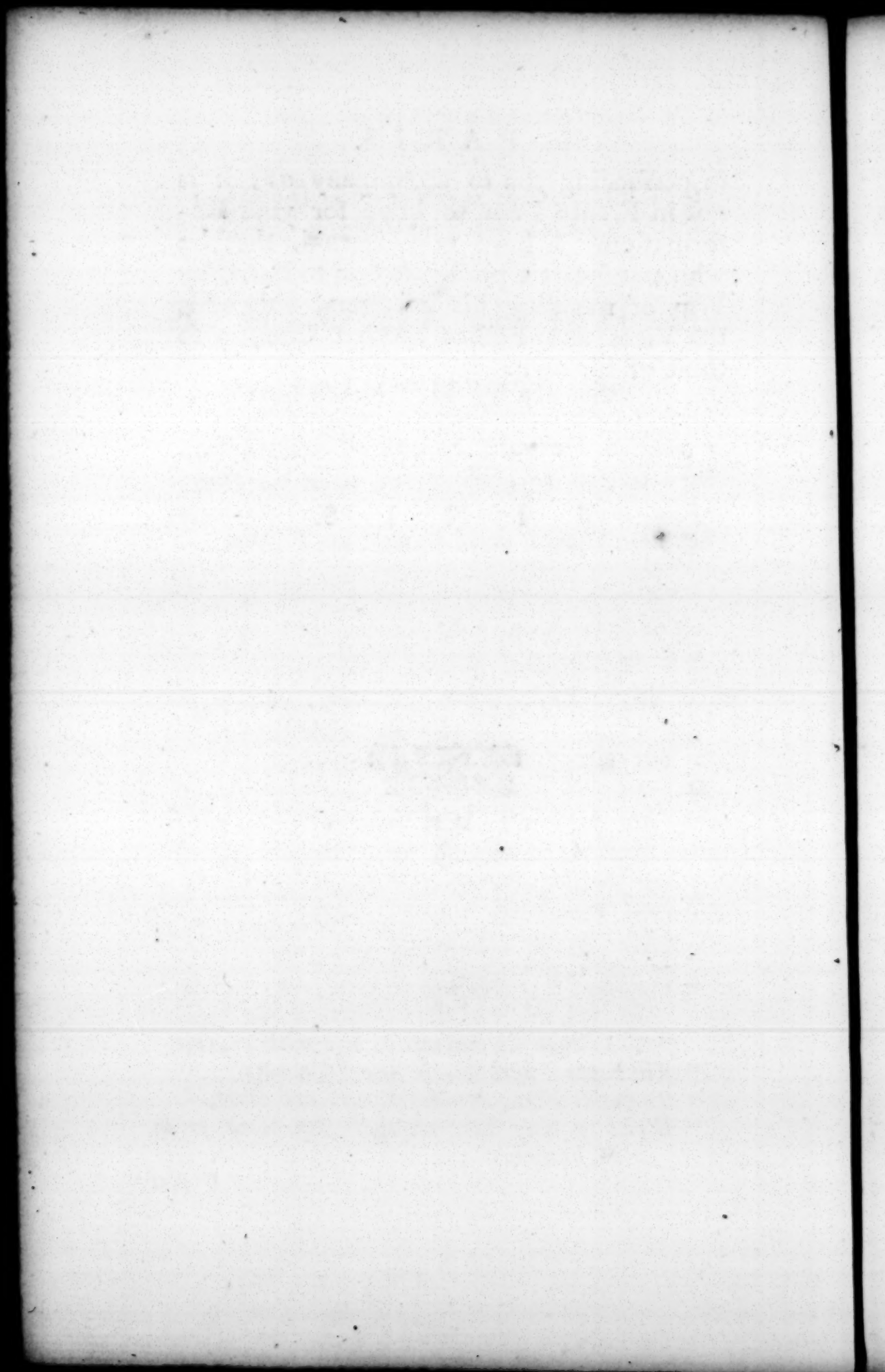
in P A R I S.

43

in persuading you to accompany us ; it is not in France I am to hope for your Reformation. I have now learn'd, that he who transports a profligate Son to Paris, by Way of mending his Manners, only adds the Vices and Follies of that Country to those of his own.

F I N I S.







E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by Miss MACKLIN.

ESCAPED from my Guardian's tyrannical Sway,
By a fortunate Voyage on a prosperous Day,
I am landed in England, and now must endeavour,
By some Means or other to curry your Favour.

Of what Use to be freed from a Gallic Subjection,
Unless I'm secure of a British Protection.

Without Cash,—but one Friend—and he too just made,
Egad I've a Mind to set up some Trade;

Of what Sort! in the Papers I'll publish a Puff
Which wont fail to procure me Custom enough:

“ That a Lady from Paris is lately arriv'd

“ Who with exquisite Art has nicely contriv'd

“ The best Paint for the Face,—the best Paste for

“ the Hands,

“ A Water for Freckles, for Flushings, and Tans.

“ She can teach you the melior Coeffeure for the Head,

“ To lisp—amble—and simper—and put on the Red;

“ To rival, to rally, to backbite, and sneer,

“ Um—no; that they already know pretty well here.

“ The Beaux she instructs to bow with a Grace,

“ The happiest Shrug,—the newest Grimace.

“ To parler François—fib, flatter, and dance,

“ Which is very near all that they teach ye in

“ France.

“ Not

EPILOGUE.

*" Not a Buck, nor a Blood, through the whole
" English Nation,
" But his Roughness she'll soften, his Figure she'll
" fashion.
" The meerest John Trot in a Week you shall see
" Bien poli bien frizé tout à fait un Marquis."*

*What d'ye think of my Plan, is it form'd to your
Gout ?*

May I hope for Disciples in any of you.

*Shall I tell you my Thoughts, without Guile, without
Art,*

*Though abroad I've been bred, I have Britain at
Heart.*

*Then take this Advice, which I give for her Sake,
You'll gain nothing by any Exchange you can make,
In a Country of Commerce, too great the Expence
For their Baubles and Bows, to give your good Sense.*



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1. Lethe, a Dramatic Satire, in 2 Acts.
2. Lying Valet, a Comedy, in 2 Acts.

By SAM. FOOTE, Esq;

1. Englishman in Paris, in 2 Acts.
2. ——— Return'd from Paris, in 2 Acts.
3. The Knights, in 2 Acts.
4. Mayor of Garret, in 2 Acts.
5. The Commissary, a Comedy in 3 Acts.

Regulus, a Tragedy, by Mr. Havard.
Lill put, a Comedy, in 2 Acts.
Male Coquette, in 2 Acts.

By ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq;

- The Apprentice, a Farce, in 2 Acts.
The Upholsterer, in 2 Acts.
The Orphan of China, a Tragedy, in 5 Acts.
The Way to Keep Him, a Comedy, in 5 Acts.
The Old Maid, in 2 Acts.
The Desert Island, a Dramatic Entertainment, in 3 Acts.
All in the Wrong, a Comedy, in 5 Acts.
No One's Enemy but his Own, a Comedy, in 5 Acts.
What we must all come to, in 2 Acts.



T H E

3.

A U T H O R;

A

C O M E D Y

O F T W O A C T S,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

T H E A T R E S R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E

A N D

T H E H A Y - M A R K E T.

By Mr. F O O T E.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. LOWNDES, in *Fleetstreet*; and
W. NICOLL, in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*.

(PRICE ONE SHILLING.)

THE
AUTHOR

COMEDY

OF TWO ACTS

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DELUZ-LANE



THE HAY-MARKET

BY M. R. O. T. E.

LONDON

Printed by T. J. B. [illegible] and
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]



P R O L O G U E

WRITTEN and SPOKEN by Mr. FOOTE.

SEVERE their Task, who in this critic Age,
With fresh Materials furnish out the Stage!
Not that our Fathers drain'd the comic Store;
Fresh Characters spring up as heretofore—
Nature with Novelty does still abound;
On every Side fresh Follies may be found.
But then the Taste of every Guest to hit,
To please at once, the Gall'ry, Box, and Pit;
Require's at least—no common Share of Wit.

Those who adorn the Orb of higher Life,
Demand the lively Rake, or modish Wife;
Whilst they, who in a lower Circle move,
Yawn at their Wit, and slumber at their Love.
If light, low Mirth employs the comic Scene,
Such Mirth, as drives from vulgar Minds the Spleen;
The polish'd Critic damns the wretched Stuff,
And cries,—“ 'twill please the Gall'ries well enough.”
Such jarring Judgments who can reconcile,
Since Fops will frown, where humble Traders smile?

To dash the Poet's ineffectual Claim,
And quench his Thirst for universal Fame,
The Grecian Fabulist, in moral Lay,
Has thus address'd the Writers of this Day.

Once on a Time, a Son and Sire we're told,
The Stripling tender, and the Father old,
Purchas'd a Jack-Ass at a country Fair,
To ease their Limbs, and hawk about their Ware:
But as the sluggish Animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both should mount, his Back wou'd break:
Up gets the Boy; the Father leads the Ass,
And through the gazing Crowd attempts to pass;
Forth from the Throng, the Grey-beards hobble out,
And hail the Cavalcade with feeble Shout.
† This the Respect to reverend Age you shew?
“ And this the Duty you to Parents owe?
“ He beats the Hoof, and you are set astride;
“ Sirrah! get down, and let your Father ride.”

PROLOGUE.

As Grecian Lads were seldom void of Grace,
The decent, duteous Youth, resign'd his Place.
Then a fresh Murmur thro' the Rabble ran;
Boys, Girls, Wives, Widows, all attack the Man.
" Sure, never was brute Beast so void of Nature!
" Have you no Pity for the pretty Creature?
" To your own Baby can you be unkind?
" Here!—*Suke, Bill, Betty*—put the Child behind."
Old Dapple next the Clowns' Compassion claim'd;
" 'Tis Wonderment; them Boobies ben't a-sham'd.
" Two at a Time upon a poor dumb Beast!
" They might as well have carry'd *he* at least."
The Pair, still pliant to the partial Voice,
Dismount and bear the Ass—Then what a Noise!
Huzzas, loud Laughs, low Gibe, and bitter Joke,
From the yet silent Sire these Words provoke:
" Proceed, my Boy, nor heed their farther Call,
" Vain his Attempt, who strives to please them all!"

I hold who adopt the Old of higher Life;
Demand the lively Sake, or modest Wife;
Will they, who in a tender Clime move,
Yawn at their Wit, and number at their Love.
If light, low Mirth engages the comic scene,
Such Mirth, as drives from vulgar Minds the Queen;
The gentle Critic darts the pointed shaft,
And says—'twill please the Gall'ny well enough."
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile,
Since Toys will flow, where honest Truths incline.
To ban the Poet's inoffensive strain,
And drown his Truths in noisy merriment,
The Goddess Fidelity, the Virgin Wit,
Has thus address'd the World, this Day.
" Once on a Time, a Son of Light was born,
The shining, modest, and the other sort,
Purchased a Jack-Ass at a cheap rate,
To ride upon his back, and show their State.
But as the weighty Animal was weak,
They soon, of his back, thought it best to break.
Up gave the Boy; the Father found the Ass,
And through the grating, with much ado, got pass;
Forth from the Throng, the Grey-beard's hoarse cry,
And said the Cavaliers with feeble cheer,
" Take the Knight to reward you for the day;
" And this the Day you to Fortune owe!
" Fly from the crowd, and you are for a while;
" Down! yet down, and let your Father ride!"



E P I L O G U E,

WRITTEN by a LADY,

And SPOKEN by Mrs. CLIVE.

WELL—thank my Stars, that I have done my Task,
And now throw off this awkward, idiot Mask.

Cou'd we suppose this Circle so refin'd,
Who seek those Pleasures that improve the Mind,
Cou'd from such Vulgarisms feel Delight,
Or laugh at Characters so unpolite ?

Who come to Plays, to see, and to be seen ;
Not to hear things that shock, or give the Spleen ;
Who shun an Opera, when they hear 'tis thin ?

“ Lord ! do you know ? ” says Lady *Bell*—“ I'm told

“ That *Jacky Dapple* got so great a Cold

“ Last *Tuesday* Night—There wa'n't a Creature there ;

“ Not a Male Thing to hand one to one's Chair !

“ Divine *Mingotti* ! what a Swell has she !

“ O ! such a Sustituto upon B !

“ Ma'am, when she's quite in Voice she'll go to C.”

“ Lord ! ” says my Lady *Englisb*—“ here's a Pother !

“ Go where she will, I'll never see another.”

(Her Ladyship, half-choak'd with London Air,
And brought to Town to see the Sights—and stare.)

“ Fine Singing that !—I'm sure it's more like screaming ;

“ To me, I vow, they're all a Pack of Women !

“ Oh Barbare !—Inhumana !—Tramontane !—

“ Does not this Creature come from *Pudding-lane* ?

“ Look, look, my Lord !—She goggles !—Ha, ha, pray be
quiet ;

“ Dear Lady *Bell*, for shame ! You'll make a Riot.

“ Why will they mix with us to make this Rout ?

“ Bring in a Bill, my Lord, to keep 'em out.”

“ We'll have a Taste Act, faith ! ” my Lord replied ;

“ And shut out all, that are not qualified.”——

Thus Ridicule is bounded like a Ball,

Struck by the Great, then answer'd by the Small ;

While we, at Times, return it to you all.

A skilful Hand will ne'er your Rage provoke ;

For though it hits you, you'll applaud the Stroke ;

Let it but only glance, you'll never frown ;

Nay, you'll forgive, tho't knocks your Neighbour down.

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Governor Cape,</i>	Mr. BRANSBY.
<i>Young Cape,</i>	Mr. ROSS.
<i>Sprightly,</i>	Mr. USHER.
<i>Cadwallader,</i>	Mr. FOOTE.
<i>Poet,</i>	Mr. WALKER.
<i>Vamp,</i>	Mr. YATES.
<i>Printer's Devil,</i>	Mr. VAUGHAN.
<i>Robin,</i>	Mr. SIMSON.
<i>Mrs. Cadwallader,</i>	Mrs. CLIVE.
<i>Miss Arabella,</i>	Miss BARTON.



T H E
A U T H O R ;
A
C O M E D Y.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Governor CAPE and ROBIN.

Governor. **A**ND he believes me dead, *Robin?*
Rob. Most certainly.

Gov. You have given him no Intimation that
his Fortunes might mend?

Rob. Not a distant Hint.

Gov. How did he receive the News?

Rob. Calmly enough: When I told him that
his Hopes from Abroad were at an End, that the
Friend of his deceased Father thought he had done
enough in putting it in his Power to earn his own
Livelihood, he replied 'twas no more than he had
A 4 long

long expected, charged me with his warmest Acknowledgments to his concealed Benefactor, thanked me for my Care, sigh'd and left me.

Gov. And how has he lived since?

Rob. Poorly, but honestly : To his Pen he owes all his Subsistence. I am sure my Heart bleeds for him : Consider, Sir, to what Temptations you expose him.

Gov. The severer his Trials, the greater his Triumph. Shall the Fruits of my honest Industry, the Purchase of many Perils, be lavish'd on a lazy luxurious Booby, who has no other Merit than being born five and twenty Years after me ? No, no, *Robin* ; him, and a Profusion of Debts, were all that the Extravagance of his Mother left me.

Rob. You lov'd her, Sir ?

Gov. Fondly,—nay, foolishly, or Necessity had not compell'd me to seek for Shelter in another Climate. 'Tis true, Fortune has been favourable to my Labours ; and when *George* convinces me that he inherits my Spirit, he shall share my Property, not else.

Rob. Consider, Sir, he has not your Opportunities.

Gov. Nor had I his Education.

Rob. As the World goes, the worst you cou'd have given him. Lack-a-day ! Learning, Learning, Sir, is no Commodity for this Market ; nothing makes Money here, Sir, but Money ; or some certain fashionable Qualities that you would not wish your Son to possess.

Gov. Learning useless & Impossible !—Where are the *Oxfords*, the *Halifaxes*, the great Protectors and Patrons of the Liberal Arts ?

Rob.

Rob. Patron!—The Word has lost its Use; a Guinea Subscription at the Request of a Lady, whose Chambermaid is acquainted with the Author, may be now and then pick'd up — Protector!—Why I dare believe there's more Money laid out upon *Islington* Turnpike in a Month than upon all the learned Men in *Great-Britain* in seven Years.

Gov. And yet the Press groans with their Productions! How do they all exist?

Rob. In Garrets, Sir; as, if you will step to your Son's Apartment in the next Street, you will see.

Gov. But what Apology shall we make for the Visit?

Rob. — That you want the Aid of his Profession; a well-penn'd Address now from the Subjects of your late Government, with your gracious Reply, to put into the News-papers.

Gov. Aye! is that Part of his Practice?—Well, lead on, *Robin*.

Scene draws and discovers Young CAPE with the Printer's Devil.

Cape. Prythee, go about thy Business ——— Vanish, dear Devil.

Devil. Master bid me not come without the Proof; he says as how there are two other Answers ready for the Press, and if your's don't come out a *Saturday* 'twon't pay for the Paper; but you are always so lazy: I have more Plague with you—There's Mr. *Guzzle*, the Translator, never keeps me a Minute — unless the poor Gentleman happens to be fuddled.

Cape.

Cape. Why, you little footy, sniv'ling, diabolical Puppy, is it not sufficient to be plagu'd with the Stupidity of your absurd Master, but I must be pester'd with your Impertinence?

Devil. Impertinence!——Marry, come up, I keep as good Company as your Worship every Day in the Year——There's Master *Clench*, in *Little Britain*, does not think it beneath him to take Part of a Pot of Porter with me, tho' he has wrote two Volumes of lives in Quarto, and has a Folio a coming out in Numbers.

Cape. Harky', Sirrah, if you don't quit the Room this Instant, I'll shew you a shorter Way into the Street than the Stairs.

Devil. I shall save you the Trouble——Give me the *French* Book that you took the Story from for the last Journal.

Cape. Take it——(*throws it at him*)

Devil. What, d'ye think it belongs to the Circulating Library, or that it is one of your own Performances, that you——

Cape. You shall have a larger——(*Exit Devil.*)
'Sdeath! a pretty Situation I am in! And are these the Fruits I am to reap from a long, laborious, and expensive——

Re-enter Devil.

Devil. I had like to have forgot, here's your Week's Pay for the News-paper, five and five-pence, which, with the two and-a-penny Master pass'd his Word for to Mrs. *Suds* your Washer-woman, makes the three Half Crowns.

Cape. Lay it on the Table.

Devil. Here's a Man on the Stairs wants you; by the Sheepishness of his Looks, and the Shabbiness of his Dress, he's either a Pick-pocket, or
Poet

Poet——Here, walk in, Mr. *What-d'ye-call-'um*,
the Gentleman's at Home.

(*Surveys the Figure, laughs, and exit.*)

Enter Poet.

Poet. Your Name I presume is *Cape*?

Cape. You have hit it, Sir.

Poet. Sir, I beg Pardon; you are a Gentleman
that writes?

Cape. Sometimes.

Poet. Why, Sir, my Case, in a Word, is this;
I, like you, have long been a Retainer of the
Muses, as you may see by their Livery.

Cape. They have not discarded you, I hope?

Poet. No, Sir, but their upper Servants, the
Booksellers, have.——I printed a Collection of
Jests upon my own Account, and they have ever
since refused to employ me; you, Sir, I hear are in
their Graces; Now I have brought you, Sir, three
Imitations of *Juvenal* in Prose; *Tully's* Oration for
Milo, in blank Verse; two Essays on the *British*
Herring-Fishery, with a large Collection of Re-
buffes; which if you will dispose of to them, in
your own Name, we'll divide the Profits.

Cape. I am really, Sir, sorry for your Distress,
but I have a larger Cargo of my own manufac-
turing than they chuse to engage in.

Poet. That's pity; you have nothing in the
compiling, or index Way, that you wou'd intrust
to the Care of another?

Cape. Nothing.

Poet. I'll do it at half Price.

Cape. I'm concern'd it is not in my Power at
present to be useful to you; but if this Trifle——

Poet.

Poet. Sir, your Servant. Shall I leave you any of my——

Cape. By no Means.

Poet. An Essay, or an Ode?

Cape. Not a Line.

Poet. Your very obedient.—— (Exit *Poet.*)

Cape. Poor Fellow! and how far am I removed, from his Condition? *Virgil* had his *Pollio*; *Horace*, his *Mecenas*; *Martial*, his *Pliny*. My Protectors are *Title-page*, the Publisher; *Vamp*, the Bookseller; and *Index*, the Printer. A most noble Triumvirate; and the Rascals are as proscriptive and arbitrary as the famous *Roman* one, into the Bargain.

- Enter SPRIGHTLY.

Spri. What! in Soliloquy, *George*,—reciting some of the Pleasantries, I suppose, in your new Piece?

Cape. My Disposition has, at present, very little of the *Vis Comica*.

Spri. What's the Matter?

Cap. Survey that Mass of Wealth upon the Table; all my own, and earn'd in little more than a Week.

Spri. Why 'tis an inexhaustible Mine!

Cap. Ay, and delivered to me, too, with all the soft Civility of *Billingsgate* by a Printer's Prime Minister, call'd a *Devil*.

Spri. I met the Imp upon the Stairs. But I thought these Midwives to the Muses were the Idolizers of you, their favourite Sons?

Cape. Our Tyrants! *Tom.* Had I indeed a posthumous Piece of Infidelity, or an amorous Novel, decorated with luscious Copper-Plates, the Slaves would be civil enough.

Spri.

Spri. Why don't you publish your own Works?

Cape. What ! and paper my Room with 'em ? No, no, that will never do ; there are Secrets in all Trades ; our's is one great Mystery, but the Explanation wou'd be too tedious at present.

Spri. Then why don't you divert your Attention to some other Object ?

Cape. That Subject was employing my Thoughts.

Spri. How have you resolved ?

Cape. I have, I think, at present, two Strings to my Bow : If my Comedy succeeds, it buys me a Commiſſion ; if my Miſtreſs, my *Laura*, proves kind, I am ſettled for Life ; but, if both my Cords ſnap,—adieu to the Quill, and welcome the Muſket.

Spri. Heroically determined !—— But *à propos*—how proceeds your honourable Paſſion ?

Cape. But ſlowly ——— I believe I have a Friend in her Heart, but a moſt potent Enemy in her Head : You know, I am poor, and ſhe is prudent. With regard to her Fortune too, I believe her Brother's Conſent eſſentially neceſſary ——— But you promiſed to make me acquainted with him ?

Spri. I expect him here every Inſtant. He may, *George*, be uſeful to you in more than one Capacity ; if your Comedy is not crouded, he is a Character, I can tell you, that will make no contemptible Figure in it.

Cape. His Siſter gave me a Sketch of him laſt Summer.

Spri. A Sketch can never convey him. His Peculiarities require infinite Labour and high Fi-niſhing.

Cape. Give me the Out-lines ?

Spri.

Spri. He is a Compound of Contrarieties; Pride and Meanness; Folly and Archness: At the same Time that he wou'd take the Wall of a Prince of the Blood, he wou'd not scruple eating a fry'd Sausage at the *Mews-gate*. There is a Minuteness, now and then, in his Descriptions; and some whimsical, unaccountable Turns in his Conversation, that are entertaining enough: But the Extravagance and Oddity of his Manner, and the Boast of his Birth, compleat his Character.

Cap. But how will a Person of his Pride and Pedigree, relish the Humility of this Apartment?

Spri. Oh, he is prepar'd——You are, *George*, tho' prodigiously learn'd and ingenious, an abstracted Being, odd and whimsical; the Case with all you great Genius's: You love the Saug, the Chimney-Corner of Life; and retire to this obscure Nook merely to avoid the Importunity of the Great.

Cap. Your Servant——But what Attraction can a Character of this Kind have for Mr. *Cadwalader*?

Spri. Infinite! next to a Peer, he honours a Poet; and modestly imputes his not making a Figure in the learned World himself to the Neglect of his Education——hush! he's on the Stairs——on with your Cap, and open your Book. Remember great Dignity and Absence.

Enter VAMP.

Cape. Oh, no; 'tis Mr. *Vamp*: Your Commands, good Sir?

Vamp. I have a Word, Master *Cape*, for your private Ear.

Cape.

Cap. You may communicate; this Gentleman is a Friend.

Vamp. An Author?

Cape. Voluminous.

Vamp. In what Way?

Cap. Universal.

Vamp. Bless me! he's very young, and exceedingly well rigg'd; what, a good Subscription, I reckon?

Cape. Not a Month from *Leyden*; an admirable Theologist! he study'd it in *Germany*; if you should want such a Thing now, as ten or a dozen manuscript Sermons, by a deceas'd Clergyman, I believe he can supply you.

Vamp. No.

Cape. Warranted Originals.

Vamp. No, no; I don't deal in the Sermon Way, now; I lost Money by the last I printed, for all 'twas wrote by a Methodist; but I believe, Sir, if they ben't long, and have a good deal of Latin in 'em, I can get you a Chap.

Spri. For what, Sir?

Vamp. The Manuscript Sermons you have wrote, and want to dispose of.

Spri. Sermons that I have wrote?

Vamp. Ay, ay; Master *Cape* has been telling me—

Spri. He has; I am mightily oblig'd to him.

Vamp. Nay, nay, don't be afraid; I'll keep Council; old *Vamp* had not kept a Shop so long at the Turnstile, if he did not know how to be secret; why, in the Year Fifteen, when I was in the treasonable Way, I never squeak'd; I never gave up but one Author in my Life, and he was dying of a Consumption, so it never came to a Trial.

Spri.

Spri. Indeed!

Vamp. Never——look here (*Shews the Side of his Head.*) crop'd close!——bare as a Board!——and for Nothing in the World but an innocent Book of Bawdy, as I hope for Mercy: Oh! the Laws are very hard, very severe upon us.

Spri. You have given me, Sir, so positive a Proof of your Secrecy that you may rely upon my Communication.

Vamp. You will be safe——but, gadso! we must mind Business, tho'. Here, Master *Cape*, you must provide me with three taking Titles for these Pamphlets, and if you can think of a pat Latin Motto for the largest——

Cape. They shall be done.

Vamp. Do so, do so. Books are like Women, Master *Cape*; to strike they must be well-dress'd; fine Feathers make fine Birds; a good Paper, an elegant Type, a handsome Motto, and a catching Title, has drove many a dull Treatise thro' three Editions——Did you know *Harry Handy*?

Spri. Not that I recollect.

Vamp. He was a pretty Fellow; he had his Latin, *ad anguem*, as they say; he wou'd have turn'd you a Fable of *Dryden's*, or an Epistle of *Pope's*, into Latin Verse in a Twinkling; except *Peter Hasty*, the Voyage-writer, he was as great a Loser to the Trade as any within my Memory.

Cape. What carry'd him off?

Vamp. A Halter; hang'd for clipping and coining, Master *Cape*; I thought there was something the Matter by his not coming to our Shop for a Month or two: He was a pretty Fellow!

Spri. Were you a great Loser by his Death?

Vamp. I can't say;——as he had taken to another Course of Living, his Execution made a Noise; it sold me seven Hundred of his Translations,

lations, besides his last dying Speech and Confession ; I got it ; he was mindful of his Friends in his last Moments : He was a pretty Fellow !

Cape. You have no farther Commands, Mr. *Vamp*?

Vamp. Not at present ; about the Spring I'll deal with you, if we can agree for a Couple of Volumes in Octavo.

Spri. Upon what Subject ?

Vamp. I leave that to him ; Master *Cape* knows what will do, tho' Novels are a pretty light Summer Reading, and do very well at *Tunbridge*, *Bristol*, and the other watering Places : No bad Commodity for the *West-India* Trade neither ; let 'em be Novels, Master *Cape*.

Cape. You shall be certainly supply'd.

Vamp. I doubt not ; pray how does *Index* go on with your Journal ?

Cape. He does not complain.

Vamp. Ah, I knew the Time—but you have over-stock'd the Market. *Titlepage* and I had once lik'd to have engaged in a Paper. We had got a young Cantab for the Essays ; a pretty Historian from *Aberdeen* ; and an Attorney's Clerk for the true Intelligence ; but, I don't know how, it drop'd for Want of a Politician.

Cape. If in that Capacity I can be of any——

Vamp. No, thank you, Master *Cape* ; in half a Year's Time, I have a Grandson of my own that will come in ; he's now in training as a Waiter at the *Cocoa-Tree* Coffee-house ; I intend giving him the Run of *Jonatban's* for three Months, to understand Trade and the Funds ; and then, I'll start him —— no, no, you have enough on your Hands ; stick to your Business ; and, d'ye hear,

B

'ware

'ware clipping and coining; remember *Harry Handy*; he was a pretty Fellow!

(*Exit.*)

Spri. And I'm sure thou art a most extraordinary Fellow! But prythee, *George*, what cou'd provoke thee to make me a Writer of Sermons?

Cape. You seemed desirous of being acquainted with our Business, and I knew old *Vamp* would let you more into the Secret in five Minutes than I could in as many Hours.

(*Knocking below, loud.*)

Spri. *Cape*, to your Post; here they are e'faith, a Coachful! Let's see, Mr. and Mrs. *Cadwallader*, and your Flame, the Sister as I live!

(*Cadwallader without.*)

Pray, by the bye, han't you a Poet above?

(*Without.*) Higher up.

Cad. Egad, I wonder what makes your Poets have such an Aversion to middle Floors—they are always to be found in the Extremities; in Garrets, or Cellars——

Enter Mr. and Mrs. CADWALLADER and ARABELLA.

Cad. Ah! *Sprightly*!

Spri. Hush!

Cad. Hey! what's the Matter?

Spri. Ha'd at it; untwisting some knotty Point; totally absorb'd!

Cad. Gadso! what! that's he! *Beck, Bell*, there he is, egad, as great a Poet, and as ingenious a——what's he about?——*Hebrew*?

Spri. Weaving the whole *Æneid* into a Tragedy: I have been here this half Hour, but he has not mark'd me yet.

Cad. Cou'd not I take a Peep?

Spri.

Spri. An Earthquake wou'd not rouse him.

Cad. He seems in a damn'd Passion.

Cape. The Belt of *Pallas*, nor Prayers, nor Tears, nor supplicating Gods, shall save thee now.

Cad. Hey! Zounds! what the Devil? who?

Cape. ——— *Pallas! te hoc vulnere, Pallas immolat, & pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit!*

Cad. Damn your Palace! I wish I was well out of your Garret.

Cape. Sir, I beg ten thousand Pardons: Ladies, your most devoted. You will excuse me, Sir; but, being just on the Catastrophe of my Tragedy, I am afraid the poetic Furor may have betray'd me into some Indecency.

Spri. Oh, Mr. *Cadwallader* is too great a Genius himself not to allow for these intemperate Sallies of a heated Imagination.

Cad. Genius! Look ye here! Mr. *What's-your-name?*

Cape. Cape.

Cad. Cape! True; tho' by the bye here, hey! you live devilish high; but perhaps you may chuse that for Exercise, hey! *Sprightly!* Genius! Look'e here, Mr. *Cape*, I had as pretty natural Parts, as fine Talents! ———but, between you and I, I had a damn'd Fool of a Guardian, an ignorant, illiterate, ecod——he cou'd as soon pay the national Debt as write his own Name, and so was resolv'd to make his ward no wiser than himself, I think.

Spri. Oh! fye! Mr. *Cadwallader*, you don't do yourself Justice.

Cape. Indeed, Sir, we must contradict you, we can't suffer this Defamation. I have more than once heard Mr. *Cadwallader's* literary Acquisitions loudly talk'd of.

Cad. Have you?—no, no, it can't be, hey! tho', let me tell you, last Winter, before I had the Measles, I cou'd have made as good a Speech upon any Subject, in *Italian, French, German*,—but I am all unhing'd! all—Oh! Lord, *Mr. Cape*, this is *Becky*; my dear *Becky*, Child, this is a great Poet—ah, but she does not know what that is—a little foolish or so, but of a very good Family—here, *Becky*, Child, won't you ask *Mr. Cape* to come and see you?

Mrs. Cad. As *Dicky* says, I shall be glad to see you at our House, Sir.

Cape. I have too great a Regard for my own Happiness, Ma'am, to miss so certain an Opportunity of creating it.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! what?

Cape. My Inclinations, as well as my Duty, I say, will compel me to obey your kind Injunctions.

Mrs. Cad. What does he say, our *Bell*?

Arab. Oh, that he can have no greater Pleasure than waiting on you.

Mrs. Cad. I'm sure that's more his Goodness than my Desert; but when you ben't better engag'd we shou'd be glad of your Company of an Evening to make one with our *Dicky*, Sister *Bell*, and I, at Whisk and Swabbers.

Cad. Hey, ecod, do, *Cape*, come and look at her Grotto and Shells, and see what she has got—well, he'll come, *Beck*,—ecod do, and she'll come to the third Night of your Tragedy, hey! won't you, *Beck*?—isn't she a fine Girl? hey, you; humour her a little, do;—hey, *Beck*; he says you are as fine a Woman as ever he—ecod who knows but he may make a Copy of Verses no you?—there, go, and have a little Chat with

with her, talk any Nonsense to her, no Matter what ; she's a damn'd Fool, and wo'n't know the Difference ——— there, go, *Beck* ——— well, *Sprightly*, hey ! what ! are you and *Bell* like to come together ? Oh, ecod, they tell me, Mr. *Sprightly*, that you have frequently Lords, and Viscounts, and Earls, that take a Dinner with you ; now I shou'd look upon it as a very particular Favour, if you wou'd invite me at the same Time, hey ! will you ?

Spri. You may depend on it.

Cad. Will you ? Gad, that's kind ; for between you and I, Mr. *Sprightly*, I am of as antient a Family as the best of them, and People of Fashion shou'd know one another, you know.

Spri. By all Manner of Means.

Cad. Hey ! should not they so ? When you have any Lord, or Baron, nay egad, if it be but a Baronet, or a Member of Parliament, I shou'd take it as a Favour.

Spri. You will do them honour ; they must all have heard of the Antiquity of your House.

Cad. Antiquity ! hey ! *Beck*, where's my Pedigree ?

Mrs. Cad. Why at Home, lock'd up in the Butler's Pantry.

Cad. In the Pantry ! What the Devil ! how often have I bid you never to come out without it ?

Mrs. Cad. Lord ! What signifies carrying such a lumbering Thing about ?

Cad. Signifies ! you are a Fool *Beck*. Why, suppose we should have any Disputes when we are abroad about Precedence, how the Devil shall we be able to settle it ? But you shall see it at Home. Oh *Becky*, come hither, we will refer our Dispute to———

(*They go apart.*)

Arab. Well, Sir, your Friend has prevail'd ; and you are acquainted with my Brother ; but what Use you propose——

Cape. The Pleasure of a more frequent Admission to you.

Arab. That all !

Cape. Who knows but a strict Intimacy with Mr. *Cadwallader* may in Time incline him to favour my Hopes ?

Arab. A sandy Foundation ! Cou'd he be prevail'd upon to forgive your Want of Fortune ; the Obscurity, or at least Uncertainty, of your Birth will prove an unfurmountable Bar.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold, *Beck* ; zounds ! you are so——

Spri. Well, but hear him out, Ma'am.

Cape. Consider, we have but an Instant. What Project ? What Advice ?

Arab. O fye ! You would be asham'd to receive Succour from a weak Woman ! Poetry is your Profession, you know ; so that Plots, Contrivances, and all the Powers of Imagination, are more peculiarly your Province.

Cape. Is this a Season to rally ?

Cad. Hold, hold, hold ; ask Mr. *Cape*.

Arab. To be serious then ; if you have any Point to gain with my brother, your Application must be made to his better Part.

Cape. I understand you ; plough with the Heifer ?

Arab. A delicate Allusion, on my Word ! but take this Hint—Amongst her Passions, Admiration, or rather Adoration, is the Principal.

Cape. Oh ; that is her Foible ?

Arab. One of them ; against that Fort you must plant your Batteries—But here they are.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you, you are a nonsense Man, and I won't agree to any such Thing: Why, what signifies a Parliament Man? You make such a Rout indeed.

Cad. Hold, *Becky*, my Dear, don't be in a Passion now, hold; let us reason the Thing a little, my Dear.

Mrs. Cad. I tell you I won't; what's the Man an Oase? I won't reason, I hate Reason, and so there's an End on't.

Cad. Why then you are obstinate, ecod perverse. Hey, but my Dear now, *Becky*, that's a good Girl: Hey! come, hold, hold——Egad, we'll refer it to Mr. *Cape*.

Mrs. Cad. Defer it to who you will, it will signify nothing.

Cape. Bless me! what's the Matter, Madam? Sure, Mr. *Cadwallader*, you must have been to blame; no inconsiderable Matter cou'd have ruffled the natural Softness of that tender and delicate Mind.

Arab. Pretty well commenced.

Mrs. Cad. Why he's always a Fool, I think; he wants to send our little *Dicky* to School, and make him a Parliament Man.

Cape. How old is Maiter, Ma'am?

Mrs. Cad. Three Years and a Quarter, come Lady-day.

Cape. The Intention is rather early!

Cad. Hey! early? hold, hold; but *Becky* mistakes the Thing, egad I'll tell you the whole Affair.

Mrs. Cad. You had better hold your Chattering, so you had.

Cad. Nay, prythee, my Dear; Mr. *Sprightly* do, stop her Mouth, hold, hold. The Matter, Mr. *Cape*, is this. Have you ever seen my *Dicky*?

Cape. Never.

Cad. No! Hold, hold, egad he's a fine, a sensible Child; I tell *Becky* he's like her, to keep her in Humour; but between you and I he has more Sense already than all her Family put together. Hey! *Becky*! is not *Dicky* the Picture of you? He's a sweet Child! Now, Mr. *Cape*, you must know, I want to put little *Dicky* to School; now between—hey! you, hold, you, hold, the great Use of a School is, hey! egad, for Children to make Acquaintances, that may hereafter be useful to them: For between you and I, as to what they learn there, does not signify Two-pence.

Cape. Not a Farthing.

Cad. Does it, hey? Now, this is our Dispute, whether poor little *Dicky*, (he's a sweet Boy) shall go to Mr. *Que-Genius's* at *Egware*, and make an Acquaintance with my young Lord *Knap*, the eldest Son of the Earl of *Frize*, or to Dr. *Ticklepitcher's* at *Barnet*, to form a Friendship with young *Stocks*, the rich Broker's only Child.

Cape. And for which does the Lady determine?

Cad. Why I have told her the Case; says I, *Becky*, my Dear, who knows, if *Dicky* goes to *Que-Genius's*, but my Lord *Knap* may take such a Fancy to him, that upon the Death of his Father, and he comes to be Earl of *Frize*, he may make poor little *Dicky* a Member of Parliament? Hey! *Cape*?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, but then if *Dicky* goes to *Ticklepitcher's*, who can tell but young *Stocks*, when he comes to his Fortune, may lend him Money if he wants it?

Cad,

Cad. And if he does not want it, he won't take after his Father, hey! Well, what's your Opinion, Master *Cape*?

Cape. Why, Sir, I can't but join with the Lady, Money is the main Article; it is that that makes the Mare to go.

Cad. Hey! egad, and the Aldermen too, you; so *Dicky* may be a Member, and a Fig for my Lord: Well, *Becky*, be quiet, he shall stick to *Stock*.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, let'n; I was sure as how I was right.

Cad. Well, hush *Becky*. Mr. *Cape*, will you eat a Bit with us To-day, hey! will you?

Cape. You command me.

Cad. That's kind; why then *Becky* and *Bell* shall step and order the Cook to toss up a little nice——Hey! will you, *Becky*? Do, and I'll bring *Cape*.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, with all my Heart. Well, Mr. *What-d'ye-call-um*, the Poet; ecod the Man's well enough——Your Servant.

Cape. I am a little too much in Disfhabille to offer your Ladyship my Hand to your Coach.

Cad. Pshaw! never mind, I'll do it—Here you have Company coming.

(*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Cad. and Arab.*)

Enter GOVERNOR and ROBIN.

Cape. Ah, Master *Robin*!

Rob. Why, you have a great Levée this Morning, Sir.

Cape. Ay *Robin*, there's no obscuring extraordinary Talents.

Rob.

Rob. True, Sir; and this Friend of mine begs to claim the Benefit of them.

Cape. Any Friend of your's: But how can I be serviceable to him?

Rob. Why, Sir, he is lately return'd from a profitable Government; and, as you know the unsatisfied Mind of Man, no sooner is one Object possess'd, but another starts up to——

Cape. A Truce to moralizing, dear *Robin*, to the Matter; I am a little busy.

Rob. In a Word then, this Gentleman, having a good deal of Wealth, is desirous of a little Honour.

Cape. How can I confer it?

Rob. Your Pen may.

Cape. I don't understand you?

Rob. Why touch him up a handsome complimentary Address from his Colony, by Way of praising the Prudence of his Administration, his Justice, Valour, Benevolence, and——

Cape. I am sorry 'tis impossible for me now to misunderstand you. The Obligations I owe you, *Robin*, nothing can cancell; otherwise, this wou'd prove our last Interview.——Your Friend, Sir, has been a little mistaken, in recommending me as a Person fit for your Purpose. Letters have been always my Passion, and indeed are now my Profession; but tho' I am the Servant of the Public, I am not the Prostitute of Particulars; As my Pen has never been ting'd with Gall, to gratify popular Resentment, or private Pique, so it shall never sacrifice its Integrity to flatter Pride, impose Falshood, or palliate Guilt. Your Merit may be great, but let those, Sir, be the Heralds of your Worth, who are better acquainted with it.

Gov.

Gov. Young Man, I like your Principles and Spirit ; your manly Refusal gives me more Pleasure than any Honours your Papers cou'd have procur'd me.

Spri. Now this Business is dispatch'd, let us return to our own Affairs—— You dine at *Cadwallader's* ?

Cape. I do.

Spri. Wou'd it not be convenient to you, to have him out of the Way ?

Cape. Extremely.

Spri. I have a Project, that I think will prevail.

Cape. Of what kind ?

Spri. Bordering upon the Dramatic ; but the Time is so pressing, I shall be at a Loss to procure Performers. Let's see—— *Robin* is a sure Card—— A Principal may easily be met with ; but where the Duce can I get an Interpreter ?

Rob. Offer yourself, Sir ; it will give you an Opportunity of more closely inspecting the Conduct of your Son.

Gov. True. Sir, tho' a Scheme of this Sort may ill suit with my Character and Time of Life, yet from a private Interest I take in that Gentleman's Affairs, if the Means are honourable——

Spri. Innocent, upon my Credit.

Gov. Why then, Sir, I have no Objection, if you think me equal to the Task——

Spri. Most happily fitted for it. I shou'd not have taken the Liberty—— But hush ! He's return'd,

Enter

Enter CADWALLADER.

Spri. My dear Friend! the luckiest Circumstance!

Cad. Hey! how? Stay! hey!

Spri. You see that Gentleman?

Cad. Well, hey!

Spri. Do you know who he is?

Cad. Not I.

Spri. He is Interpreter to Prince *Potowowsky*.

Cad. *Wowsky*! Who the Devil is he?

Spri. Why the *Tartarian* Prince, that's come over Ambassador from the Cham of the *Cal-mucks*.

Cad. Indeed!

Spri. His Highness has just sent me an Invitation to dine with him; now every Body that dines with a *Tartarian* Lord has a Right to carry with him what the *Latins* call'd his *Umbra*; in their Language it is *Jablanousky*.

Cad. *Jablanousky*! well?

Spri. Now, if you will go in that Capacity, I shall be glad of the Honour.

Ca. Hey! why wou'd you carry me to dine with his Royal Highness?

Spri. With Pleasure.

Cad. My dear Friend, I shall take it as the greatest Favour, the greatest Obligation—I shall never be able to return it.

Spri. Don't mention it.

Cad. Hey! but hold, hold, how the Devil shall I get off with the Poet? You know I have ask'd him to Dinner.

Spri. Oh, the Occasion will be Apology sufficient;

cient ; besides, there will be the Ladies to receive him.

Cad. My dear Mr. *Cape*, I beg ten thousand Pardons, but here your Friend is invited to Dinner with Prince——what the Devil is his Name ?——

Spri. *Potowowsky*.

Cad. True ; now, Sir, ecod he has been so kind as to offer to carry me as his *Jablanousky*, wou'd you be so good to excuse——

Cape. By all Means ; not a Word, I beg.

Cad. That is exceeding kind ; I'll come to you after Dinner ; hey ! stay, but is there any Ceremony to be used with his Highness ?

Spri. You dine upon Carpets, cross-legg'd.

Cad. Hey ! hold, hold, cross-legg'd ! Zounds ! that's odd, well, well, you shall teach me.

Spri. And his Highness is particularly pleased with those amongst his Guests that do honour to his Country Soop.

Cad. Oh ! let me alone for that ; but should not I dress ?

Spri. No, there's no Occasion for it.

Cad. Dear Friend, forgive me ; nothing shou'd take me from you but being a *Hobblin Wisky*. Well, I'll go and study to sit cross-legg'd, 'till you call me.

Spri. Do so.

Cad. His Highness *Potowowsky* ! This is the luckiest Accident !

(*Exit.*

Cape. Hah ! hah ! hah ! but how will you conduct your Enterprize ?

Spri. We'll carry him to your Friend *Robin's* ; dress up one of the under Actors in a ridiculous

culous Habit ; this Gentleman shall talk a little Gibberish with him. I'll compose a Soop of some nauseous Ingredients ; let me alone to manage. But do you chuse, Sir, the Part we have assign'd ?

Gov. As it seems to be but a harmless Piece of Mirth, I have no Objection.

Spri. Well then, let us about it ; come, Sir.

Cape. Mr. *Sprightly* !

Spri. What's the Matter ?

Cape. Wou'd it not be right to be a little spruce, a little smart upon this Occasion ?

Spri. No Doubt ; dress, dress, Man ; no Time is to be lost.

Cape. Well ; but *Jack*, I cannot say that at present I——

Spri. Prythee explain. What would you say ?

Cape. Why then, I cannot say, that I have any other Garments at Home.

Spri. Oh, I understand you, is that all ? Here, here, take my——

Cape. Dear *Sprightly*, I am quite ashamed, and sorry.

Spri. That's not so obliging, *George* ; what ! sorry to give me the greatest Pleasure that—— But I have no Time for Speeches ; I must run to get ready my Soop. Come, Gentlemen.

Rob. Did you observe, Sir ?

Gov. Most feelingly ! But it will soon be over.

Rob. Courage, Sir ; Times perhaps may change.

Cape. A poor Prospect, *Robin* ! But this Scheme of Life at least must be changed ; for what Spirit, with the least Spark of Generosity, can support

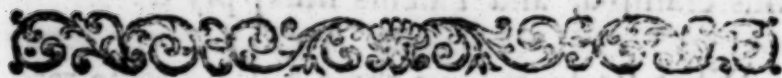
port a Life of eternal Obligation, and disagreeable Drudgery? Inclination not consulted, Genius cramp'd, and Talents misapply'd!

What Prospect have those Authors to be read,
Whose daily Writings earn their daily Bread?

(Excunt Omnes.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT



ACT II.

SCENE I.

Young CAPE and Mrs. CADWALLADER at Cards.

Mrs. Cad. YOU want Four, and I Two, and my Deal: Now, Knave noddy——no, Hearts be Trumps.

Cape. I beg.

Mrs. Cad. Will you stock 'em?

Cape. Go on, if you please, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Hearts again—One, Two, Three; One, two,——hang 'em, they won't slip, Three. Diamonds——the 'Two: Have you higher than the Queen?

Cape. No, Madam.

Mrs. Cad. Then there's highest——and lowest, by Gosh. Games are even; you are to deal.

Cape. Pshaw! hang Cards; there are other Amusements better suited to a tête-à-tête than any the four Aces can afford us.

Mrs. Cad. What Pastimes be they?——We ben't enough for hunt the Whistle, nor Blind-Man's

Man's-Buff; but I'll call our *Bell*, and *Robin* the Butler. *Dicky* will be hear an bye.

Cape. Hold a Minute. I have a Game to propose, where the Presence of a third Person, especially *Mr. Cadwallader's*, wou'd totally ruin the Sport.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, what can that be?

Cape. Can't you guess?

Mrs. Cad. Not I; Questions and Commands, mayhap.

Cape. Not absolutely that ——— some little Resemblance; for I am to request, and you are to command.

Mrs. Cad. Oh daisy! that's charming. I never play'd at that in all my born Days; come, begin then.

Cape. Can you love me?

Mrs. Cad. Love you! But is it in Jest or Earnest?

Cape. That is as you please to determine.

Mrs. Cad. But mayn't I ask you Questions too?

Cape. Doubtless.

Mrs. Cad. Why then, do you love Me?

Cape. With all my Soul.

Mrs. Cad. Upon your Sayso.

Cape. Upon my Sayso.

Mrs. Cad. I'm glad on't with all my Heart. This is the rarest Pastime——

Cape. But you have not answer'd my Question.

Mrs. Cad. Hey? that's true. Why, I believe there's no Love lost.

Cape. So; our Game will soon be over; I
C shall

shall be up at a Deal. I wish I mayn't be engag'd to play deeper here than I intended tho'. *(Aside.*

Mrs. Cad. Well, now 'tis your Turn.

Capt. True; aye; but zooks you are too hasty; the Pleasure of this Play, like hunting, does not consist in immediately chopping the Prey.

Mrs. Cad. No! How then?

Capt. Why, first I am to start you, then run you a little in View, then lose you, then unravel all the Tricks and Doubles you make to escape me.

*You fly o'er Hedge and Stile,
I pursue for many a Mile,
You grow tir'd at last, and quat,
Then I catch you, and all that.*

Mrs. Cad. Dear me, there's a deal on't! I shall never be able to hold out long; I had rather be taken in View.

Capt. I believe you.

Mrs. Cad. Well, come, begin and start me, that I may come the sooner to quattin——
Hush! here's Sister; what the deuce brought her! *Bell* will be for learning this Game too, but don't you teach her for your Life, Mr. *Poet*.

Enter ARABELLA.

Arab. Your Manteau-maker, with your new Sack, Sister.

Mrs. Cad. Is that all? She might have stay'd, I think.

Arab. What, you were better engaged? But don't be angry. I am sorry I interrupted you.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cad. Hey! now will I be hang'd if she ben't jealous of Mr. *Poet*, but I'll listen, and see the End on't, I'm resolv'd. (*Aside and exit.*)

Arab. Are you concern'd at the Interruption too?

Cape. It was a very seasonable one, I promise you; had you stay'd a little longer, I don't know what might have been the Consequence.

Arab. No Danger to your Person, I hope?

Cape. Some little Attacks upon it.

Arab. Which were as feebly resisted.

Cape. Why, consider, my dear *Bell*; tho' your Sister is a Fool, she is a fine Woman, and Flesh is frail.

Arab. Dear *Bell*! And Flesh is frail! We are grown strangely familiar, I think?

Cape. Heydey! In what Corner fits the Wind now?

Arab. Where it may possibly blow strong enough to overset your Hopes.

Cape. That a Breeze of your Breath can do.

Arab. Affected!

Cape. You are obliging, Madam; but, pray, what is the Meaning of all this?

Arab. Ask your own guilty Conscience.

Cape. Were I inclined to flatter myself, this little Passion wou'd be no bad Presage.

Arab. You may prove a false Prophet.

Cape. Let me die, if I know what to——
But to descend to a little common Sense; what Part of my Conduct——

Arab. Looky', Mr. *Cape*, all Explanations are unnecessary: I have been lucky enough to discover your Disposition before it is too late; and so you know there's no Occasion——but however, I'll not be any Impediment to you; my Sister

will be back immediately ; I suppose my Presence will only — But consider, Sir, I have a Brother's Honour——

Cape. Which is as safe from me as if it was lock'd up in your Brother's Closet : But surely, Madam, you are a little capricious here ; have I done any thing but obey your Directions ?

Arab. That was founded upon a Supposition that—— but no Matter.

Cape. That what !

Arab. Why, I was weak enough to believe—— what you was wicked enough to protest——

Cape. That I lov'd you ; and what Reason have I given you to doubt it ?

Arab. A pretty Situation I found you in at my Entrance !

Cape. An assumed Warmth, for the better concealing the Fraud.

Mrs. Cad. What's that ? *(Aside, list'ning.)*

Cape. Surely, if you doubted my Constancy, you must have a better Opinion of my Understanding.

Mrs. Cad. Mighty well ! *(Aside.)*

Cape. What an Idiot ! a Driveler ! no Consideration upon earth, but my paving the Way to the Possession of you, could have prevailed upon me to support her Folly a Minute.

Enter Mrs. CADWALLADER.

Mrs. Cad. So ! Mr. Poet, you are a pretty Gentleman, indeed ! Ecod, I'm glad I have caught you. I'm not such a Fool as you think for, Man. But here will be Dicky presently ; he shall hear of your Tricks, he shall : I'll let him know what a pretty Person he has got in his House.

Cape

Cape. There's no parrying this; had not I better decamp?

Arab. And leave me to the Mercy of an Enemy: My Brother's Temper is so odd, there's no knowing in what Light he'll see this.

Mrs. Cad. Oh, he's below, I hear him. Now we shall hear what he'll say to you, Madam.

Enter CADWALLADER, GOVERNOR, SPRIGHTLY, and ROBIN.

Cad. No, pray walk in, Mr. *Interpreter*; between you and I, I like his Royal Highness mightily; he's a polite, pretty, well bred Gentleman—but damn his Soop.

Gov. Why, Sir? You eat as if you lik'd it.

Cad. Lik'd it! hey, egad, I would not eat another Mefs to be his Master's Prime Minister; as bitter as Gall, and as black as my Hat; and there have I been sitting these two Hours, with my Legs under me, till they are both as dead as a Herring.

Cape. Your Dinner displeas'd you?

Cad. Displeas'd! hey! Looky' Mr. *Sprightly*, I'm mightily obliged to you for the Honour; but hold, hold, you shall never persuade me to be a *Hobbiin'usky* again, if the great Cham of the *Cal-mucks* were to come over himself. Hey! and what a damn'd Language he has got? Whee, haw, haw! but you speak it very fluently.

Gov. I was long resident in the Country.

Cad. May be so, but he seems to speak it better; you have a foreign Kind of an Accent, you don't sound it thro' the Nose so well as he. Hey! well, *Becky*, what, and how have you entertain'd Mr.

Cape?

C 3

Mrs.

Mrs. Cad. Oh! here have been fine Doings since you have been gone.

Cape. So, now comes on the Storm.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, what has been the Matter?

Mrs. Cad. Matter! why the Devil is in the Poet, I tink.

Cad. The Devil! hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why here he has been making Love to me like bewitch'd.

Cad. How, which Way?

Mrs. Cad. Why some on't was out of his Poetry, I think.

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, egad I believe he's a little mad; this Morning he took me for King *Turnus*, you; now who can tell but this Afternoon he may take you for Queen *Dido*?

• *Mrs. Cad.* And there he told me I was to run, and to double, and quat, and there he was to catch me, and all that.

Cad. Hold, hold, catch you! Mr. *Cape*, I take it very unkindly; it was, d'ye see, a very unfriendly Thing to make Love to *Becky* in my Absence.

Cape. But, Sir!

Cad. And it was the more ungenerous, Mr. *Cape*, to take this Advantage, as you know she is but a foolish Woman.

Mrs. Cad. Ay! me, who am but a foolish Woman.

Cape. But hear me.

Cad. A poor ignorant, illiterate, poor *Becky*! And for a Man of your Parts to attack——

Cape. There's no——

Cad. Hold, hold, ecod it is just as if the Grand Signior,

Signior, at the Head of his Janifaries, was to kick a Chimney-sweeper.

Mrs. Cad. Hey ! what's that you say, *Dicky* ; what ! be I like a Chimney-sweeper ?

Cad. Hey ! hold, hold. Zounds ! no, *Beck* ; hey ! no : That's only by Way of Simile, to let him see I understand your Tropes and Figures as well as himself, egad ! and therefore——

Spri. Nay, but *Mr. Cadwallader* !——

Cad. Don't mention it, *Mr. Sprightly* ; he is the first Poet I ever had in my House, except the Bell-man for a Christmas Box.

Spri. Good Sir !

Cad. And hold, hold ; I am resolved he shall be the last.

Spri. I have but one Way to silence him.

Cad. And let me tell you——

Spri. Nay, Sir, if I must tell him ; he owes his Reception here to my Recommendation ; any Abuse of your Goodness, any Breach of Hospitality here, he is answerable to me for.

Cad. Hey ? hold, hold, so he is, ecod ; at him ; give it him home.

Spri. Ungrateful Monster ! and is this your Return for the open, generous Treatment——

Mrs. Cad. As good fry'd Cow-heel, with a roast Fowl and Sausages, as ever came to a Table.

Cad. Hush, *Beck*, hush !——

Spri. And cou'd you find no other Object but *Mr. Cadwallader*, a Man, perhaps, possessed of a Genius superior to your own——

Cad. If I had had an University Education——

Spri. And of a Family as old as the Creation,

Cad. Older ! *Beck*, fetch the Pedegree.

Spri. Thus far relates to this Gentleman ; but now, Sir, what Apology can you make me, who was your passport, your Security ?

Cad. Zounds, none ; fight him.

pri. Fight him !

Cad. Ay, do ; I'd fight him myself, if I had not had the Measles last Winter ; but stay till I get out of the Room.

Spri. No, he's sure of a Protection here, the Presence of the Ladies.

Cad. Pshaw ! Pox ! they belong to the Family, never mind them.

Spri. Well, Sir, are you dumb ? No Excuse ? No Palliation ?

Cad. Ay, no Palliation ?

Mrs. Cad. Ay, no Tribulation ? It's a Shame, so it is.

Capc. When I have Leave to speak——

Cad. Speak ! what the Devil can you say ?

Capc. Nay, Sir——

Spri. Let's hear him, Mr. *Cadwallader*, howeyer.

Cad. Hold, hold ; come, begin then.

Capc. And first to you, Mr. *Sprightly*, as you seem more interested ; pray does this Charge correspond with any other Action of my Life since I have had the Honour to know you ? ——

Spri. Indeed, I can't say that I recollect, but still as the Scholiasts say—*Nemo repente turpissimus*.

Cad. Hold, hold, what's that ?

Spri. Why that is as much as to say, this is bad enough.

Mrs. Cad. By Gosh ! and so it is.

Cad. Ecod, and so it is. Speak a little more *Latin* to him ; if I had been bred at the University, you should have it both Sides of your Ears.

Capc.

Cape. A little Patience, Gentlemen. Now, Sir, to you; you were pleased yourself to drop a few Hints of your Lady's Weakness; might not she take too seriously what was meant as a meer Matter of Merriment?

Cad. Hey! hold, hold.

Spri. A paltry Excuse; can any Woman be such a Fool as not to know when a Man has a Design upon her Person?

Cad. Answer that, Mr. *Cape*, hey! answer that.

Cape. I can only answer for the Innocency of my own Intentions; may not your Lady, apprehensive of my becoming too great a Favourite, contrive this Charge with a View of destroying the Connexion——

Spri. Connexion!

Cad. Hey! hold, hold, Connexion!

Spri. There's something in that.——

Cad. Hey! is there? Hold, hold, hey! egad, he is right—— You're right, Mr. *Cape*; hold *Becky*, my Dear, how the Devil could you be so wicked, hey! Child; ecod, hold, hold, how could you have the Wickedness to attempt to destroy the Connexion?

Mrs. Cad. I don't know what you say.

Cad. D'y'e hear? You are an Incendiary, but you have miss'd your Point; the connexion shall be only the stronger. My dear Friend, I beg ten thousand Pardons, I was too hasty; but ecod, *Becky's* to blame.

Cape. The Return of your Favour has effaced every other Impression.

Cad. There's a good-natured Creature!

Cape. But if you have the least Doubts remaining, this Lady, your Sister, I believe, will do me the Justice to own——

Mrs.

Mrs. Cad. Ay, ask my Fellow if I be a Thief

Cad. What the Devil is *Becky* at now?

Mrs. Cad. She's as bad as he.

Cad. Bad as he! Hey! how! what the Devil, she did not make Love to you too? Stop, hey, hold, hold, hold.

Mrs. Cad. Why no, Foolish, but you are always running on with your Riggmonrowles, and won't stay to hear a Body's Story out.

Cad. Well, *Beck*, come let's have it.

Mrs. Cad. Be quiet then; why, as I was telling you, first he made Love to me, and wanted me to be a Hare.

Cad. A hare! hold, ecod, that was whimsical; a hare! hey! oh ecod, that might be because he thought you a little hare-brain'd already, *Becky*, a damn'd good Story. Well, *Becky*, go on, let's have it out.

Mrs. Cad. No, I won't tell you no more, so I won't.

Cad. Nay, prythee, *Beck*.

Mrs. Cad. Hold your Tongue then; And so there he was going on with his Nonsense, and so in came our *Bell*; and so——

Cad. Hold, hold, *Becky*; damn your So's; go on, Child, but leave out your So's; it's a low—hold, hold, vulgar——but go on.

Mrs. Cad. Why how can I go on when you stop me every Minute? Well, and then our *Bell* came in and interrupted him; and methought she looked very frumpish and jealous.

Cad. Well.

Mrs. Cad. And so I went out and listen'd.

Cad. So; what you staid and listen'd?

Mrs. Cad. No; I tell you upon my staying,
she

she went out; no—— upon my going out, she staid.

Cad. This is a damn'd blind Story, but go on, *Beck*.

Mrs. Cad. And then at first she scolded him roundly for making Love to me; and then he said as how she advised him to it; and then she said no; and then he said——

Cad. Hold, hold; we shall never understand all these He's and She's; this may all be very true, *Beck*, but hold, hold; as I hope to be sav'd, thou are the worst Teller of a Story——

Mrs. Cad. Well, I have but a Word more; and then he said as how I was a great Fool.

Cad. Not much mistaken in that. (*Aside*

Mrs. Cad. And that he would not have stayed with Me a Minute, but to pave the Way to the Possession of, She?

Cad. Well, *Beck*, well?

Mrs. Cad. And so——that's all.

Cad. Make Love to Her, in order to get Possession of You?

Mrs. Cad. Love to Me, in Order to get She.

Cad. Hey! Oh, now I begin to understand. Hey! What's this true, *Bell*? Hey! Hold, hold, hold; ecod, I begin to smoke, hey! *Mr. Cape*!

Cape. How shall I act?

Rob. Own it, Sir, I have a Reason.

Cad. Well, what say you, *Mr. Cape*? Let's have it without Equivocation; or, hold, hold, hold, mental Reservation. Guilty, or not?

Cape. Of what, Sir?

Cad. Of what! Hold, hold, of making Love to *Bell*.

Cape. Guilty.

Cad.

Cad. Hey! how? Hold, Zounds! No, what not with an Intention to marry her?

Cate. With the Lady's Approbation, and your kind Consent.

Cad. Hold, hold, what my Consent to marry You?

Cate. Ay, Sir.

Cad. Hold, hold, hold; what our *Bell* to mix the Blood of the *Cadwaladers* with the Puddle of a Poet!

Cape. Sir!

Cad. A petty, paltry, ragged, rhiming——

Spri. But Mr.——

Cad. A scribbling, hold, hold, hold,——
Garretteer! that has no more Cloathes than Backs, no more Heads than Hats, and no Shoes to his Feet.

Spri. Nay, but——

Cad. The Offspring of a Dunghill! born in a Celler. Hold, hold,— and living in a Garret! a Fungus! a Mushroom!

Cate. Sir, my Family——

Cad. Your Family! Hold, hold, hold.—*Peter*, fetch the Pedigree; I'll shew you—— Your Family! a little obscure—— hold, hold, I don't believe you ever had a Grandfather.——

Enter PETER with the Pedigree.

There it is; there; *Peter*, help me to stretch it out: There's seven Yards more of Lineals, besides three of Collaterals, that I expect next *Monday* from the Herald's Office; d'ye see, Mr. *Sprightly*?

Spri. Prodigious!

Cad. Nay, but looky' there's *Welch* Princes, and Ambassadors,

Ambadors, and Kings of *Scotland*, and Members of Parliament: Hold, hold, ecod, I no more mind an Earl or a Lord in my Pedigree, hold, hold, than *Kouli Khan* wou'd a Sergeant in the Train'd Bands.

Spri. An amazing Descent!

Cad. Hey, is it not? And for this low, lousy, Son of a Shoemaker, to talk of Families—hold, hold, get out of my House.

Rob. Now is your Time, Sir.

Cad. Mr. *Spright'y*, turn him out.

Gov. Stop, Sir, I have a Secret to disclose, that may make you alter your Intentions.

Cad. Hold, hold: how, Mr. *Interpreter*?

Gov. You are now to regard that young Man in a very different Light, and consider him as my Son.

Cape. Your, Son, Sir!

Gov. In a Moment, *George*, the Mysteries shall be explain'd.

Cad. Your Son! Hold, hold; and what then?

Gov. Then! Why then he is no longer the Scribbler, the Mushroom you have described; but of Birth and Fortune equal to your own.

Cad. What! the Son of an Interpreter equal to Me. A Fellow that trudges about, teaching of Languages to foreign Counts!

Gov. A Teacher of Languages!

Cad. Stay; ecod, a Runner to Monsieurs and Marquisses!

Spri. You are mistaken, Sir.

Cad. A Jack-pudding! that takes Fillips on the Nose for Six-pence a Piece! Hold, hold, ecod, give me Eighteen-pennyworth, and change for Half a Crown.

Gov.

O

Gov. Stop when you are well.

Cad. A Spunger at other Men's Tables! that has Jallop put into his Beer, and his Face black'd at Christmas for the Diversion of Children.

Gov. I can hold no longer. 'Sdeath, Sir, who is it you dare treat in this Manner?

Cad. Hey, Zounds, Mr. *Sprightly*, lay hold of him

Spri. Calm your Choler. Indeed, Mr. *Cadwallader*, nothing cou'd excuse your Behaviour to this Gentleman but your mistaking his Person.

Cad. Hold, hold. Is not he Interpreter to—

Spri. No.

Cad. Why did not you tell—

Spri. That was a Mistake. This Gentleman is the Prince's Friend; and by long Residence in the Monarch's Country is perfect Master of the Language.

Cad. But who the Devil is he then?

Spri. He is Mr. *Cape*, Sir; a Man of unblemish'd Honour, capital Fortune, and late Governor of one of our most considerable Settlements.

Cad. Governor! Hold, hold, and how came you Father to—hey!—

Gov. By marrying his Mother.

Cape. But how am I to regard this?

Gov. As a solemp Truth; that foreign Friend, to whom you owe your Education was no other than myself; I had my Reasons, perhaps capricious ones, for concealing this; but now they cease, and I am proud to own my Son.

Cape. Sir; it is not for me (*kneeling*,) but if Gratitude, Duty filial—

Gov. Rise, my Boy, I have ventured far to fix thy Fortune, *George*; but to find thee worthy of it

it more than o'erpays my Toil ; the Rest of my Story shall be reserv'd till we are alone.

Cad. Hey ! Hold, hold, hold ; ecod, a good sensible old Fellow this ; but harky' *Sprightly*, I have made a damn'd Blunder here : Hold, hold, Mr. *Governor*, I ask ten thousand Pardons ; but who the Devil cou'd have thought that the Interpreter to Prince *Potowowsky*——

Gov. Oh, Sir, you have in your Power sufficient Means to atone for the Injuries done us both.

Cad. Hold, how ?

Gov. By bestowing your Sister with, I flatter myself, no great Violence to her Inclinations here.

Cad. What, marry *Bell* ? Hey ! Hold, hold ; Zounds, *Bell*, take him, do ; 'ecod, he is a good likely—— hey ? Will you ?

Arab. I shan't disobey you, Sir.

Cad. Shan't you ? That's right. Who the Devil knows but he may come to be a Governor himself ; hey ! Hold, hold ; come here then, give me your Hands both ; (*Joins their Hands*) There, there, the Business is done. And now, Brother *Governor*——

Gov. And now, Brother *Cadwallader*.

Cad. Hey, *Beck* ! Here's something now for my Pedigree ; we'll pop in the *Governor* tomorrow.

Mrs. Cad. Harky' Mr. *Governor*, can you give me a black Boy and a Monkey ?

Cad. Hey ! ay, ay, you shall have a black Boy, and a Monkey, and a Parrot too, *Beck*.

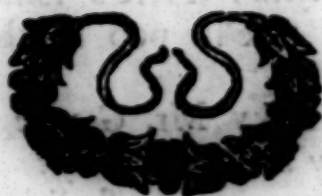
Spri. Dear *George*, I am a little late in my Congratulations ; but——

Gov. Which if he is in acknowledging your disinterested Friendship, I shall be sorry I ever own'd

own'd him. Now, *Robin*, my Cares are over,
and my Wishes full ; and, if George remains as
untainted by Affluence as he has been untempted
by Distress, I have given the Poor a Protector,
his Country an Advocate, and the World a
Friend.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*)

F I N I S.



T H E
ENGLISHMAN

Returned from *Paris*.

A FARCE,
IN TWO ACTS.

[Price One Shilling.]



4.

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The S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N,

Printed for PAUL VAILLANT, facing *Southampton-Street*,
in the *Strand*, 1766.





P R O L O G U E,

SPOKEN

by Mr. F O O T E.

*O*F all the Passions that possess Mankind,
The Love of Novelty rules most the Mind,
In Search of this from Realm to Realm we roam,
Our Fleets come fraught with every Folly home.
From Lybia's Desarts hostile Brutes advance,
And dancing Dogs in Drovers skip here from France,
From Latian Lands Gigantic Forms appear,
Striking our British Breasts with Awe and Fear,
As once the Lilliputians — Gulliver,
Not only Objects that affect the Sight,
In foreign Arts and Artists we delight,
Near to that Spot where Charles bestrides a Horse,
In humble Prose the Place is Charing Cross;
Close by the Margin of a Kennel's Side,
A dirty dismal Entry opens wide,
There, with hoarse Voice, check'd Shirt and callous Hand,
Duff's Indian English Trader takes his Stand,
Surveys each Passenger with curious Eyes,
And rustic Roger falls an easy Prize,
Here's China Porcelaine that Chelsea yields,
And India Handkerchiefs from Spitalfields,

With

*With Turkey Carpets that from Wilton came,
And Spanish Tucks and Blades from Bermingham.
Factors are forc'd to favour this Deceit,
And English Goods are smuggled through the Street.
The Rude to polish and the Fair to please,
The Hero of to Night has cross'd the Seas,
Tho' to be born a Briton be his Crime,
He's manufactur'd in another Clime.
'Tis Buck begs Leave once more to come before ye,
The little Subject of a former Story,
How chang'd, how fashion'd, whether Brute or Beau,
We trust the following Scenes will fully shew.
For them and him we your Indulgence crave,
'Tis ours still to sin and yours to save.*



EPILOGUE,

Spoken by M^{rs}. BELLAMY.

*A*MONG the Arts to make a Piece go down,
And fix the fickle Favour of the Town,
An Epilogue is deem'd the surest Way
To atone for all the Errors of the Play:
Thus, when pathetic Strains have made you cry,
In trips the Comic Muse, and wipes your Eye.
With equal Reason, when she has made you laugh,
Melpomene should send you sniveling off;
But our Bard, unequal to the Task,
Rejects the Dagger, and retains the Masque:
Fain would he send you chearful home To-night,
And harmless Mirth by honest Means excite;
Scorning with luscious Phrase or double Sense,
To raise a Laughter at the Fair's Expence.
What Method shall we choose your Taste to hit?
Will no one lend our Bard a little Wit?
Thank ye, kind Souls, I'll take it from the Pit. }
The Piece concluded, and the Curtain down,
Up starts that fatal Phalanx, call'd The Town:
In full Assembly weigh our Author's Fate,
And Surly thus commences the Debate:
Pray, among Friends, does not this poisoning Scene
The sacred Rights of Tragedy prophane?
If Farce may mimic thus her awful Bowl:
Oh fie, all wrong, stark naught, upon my Soul!

Then

*Then Buck cries, Billy, can it be in Nature?
 Not the least Likeness in a single Feature.
 My Lord, Lord love him, 'tis a precious Piece;
 Let's come on Friday Night and have a Hiss,
 To this a Peruquier assents with Joy,
 Parcequ'il affronte les Francois, oui, ma foi.
 In such Distress what can the Poet do?
 Where seek for Shelter when these Foes pursue?
 He dares demand Protection, Sirs, from you,*

Dramatis Personæ.

BUCK	Mr. Foote.
CRAB	Mr. Sparks.
LORD JOHN	Mr. White.
MACRUTHEN	Mr. Sbuter.
RACKET	Mr. Cushin.
TALLYHOE	Mr. Costollo.
LATITAT	Mr. Dunstall.
SURGEON	Mr. Wignel.
 LUCINDA	 Mrs. Bellamy.

La Jonquil, Le Loire, Bearnois, and Servants.

~~THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF JOHN BUCK~~
A C T I.

CRAB *discovered reading.*

ND I do constitute my very good Friend, Giles Crab, Esq; of St. Martin's in the Fields, Executor to this my Will; and do appoint him Guardian to my Ward Lucinda; and do submit to his Direction, the Management of all my Affairs, till the Return of my Son from his Travels; whom I do intreat my said Executor, in Consideration of our antient Friendship, to advise, to counsel, &c. &c.

JOHN BUCK.

A good, pretty Legacy! Let's see; I find myself Heir, by this generous Devise of my very good Friend, to ten Actions at Common Law, nine Suits in Chancery, the Conduct of a Boy, bred a Booby at Home, and finished a Fop abroad; together with the Direction of a marriageable, and, therefore, an unmanageable Wench; and all this to an old Fellow of Sixty-six, who heartily hates Bus'ness, is tired of the World, and despises every Thing in it. Why how the Devil came I to merit——

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. Latitat of Staple's Inn.

Crab. So, here begin my Plagues. Shew the Hound in.

B

Enter

Enter Latitat, with a Bag, &c.

Lat. I wou'd, Mr. *Crab*, have attended your Summons immediately, but I was obliged to sign Judgment in Error at the Common Pleas; sue out of the Exchequer a Writ of *Quæ minus*, and surrender in *Banco Regis* the Defendant, before the Return of the *Sci fa*, to discharge the Bail.

Crab. Pr'ythee, Man, none of thy unintelligible Law Jargon to me; but tell me, in the Language of common Sense, and thy Country, what I am to do.

Lat. Why, Mr. *Crab*, as you are already possess'd of a *Probat*, and Letters of Administration *de Bonis*, are granted, you may sue, or be sued; I hold it sound Doctrine for no Executor to discharge Debts, without a Receipt upon Record: This can be obtain'd by no Means, but by an Action. Now Actions, Sir, are of various Kinds: There are special Actions, Actions on the Case, or *Assumpsit's*; Actions of Trover, Actions of *Glausum fregit*, Actions of Battery, Actions of—

Crab. Hey, the Devil, where's the Fellow running now?—But hark'ee, *Latitat*, why I thought all our Law Proceedings were directed to be in *English*.

Lat. True, Mr. *Crab*.

Crab. And what do you call all this Stuff, ha!

Lat. *English*.

Crab. The Devil you do.

Lat. Vernacular, upon my Honour, Mr.

Crab.

Crab. For, as Lord *Coke* describes the Common Law, to be the Perfection—

Crab. So, here's a fresh Deluge of Imper-
tinnence. A Truce to thy Authorities, I beg;
and as I find it will be impossible to under-
stand thee without an Interpreter, if you will
meet me at Five, at Mr. *Brief's* Chambers,
why, if you have any thing to say, he will
translate it for me.

Lat. Mr. *Brief*, Sir, and translate, Sir!—
Sir, I would have you to know that no Prac-
titioner in *Westminster Hall*, gives clearer—

Crab. Sir, I believe it; for which Reason
I have referred you to a Man who never goes
into *Westminster Hall*.

Lat. A bad Proof of his Practice, Mr. *Crab*.

Crab. A good one of his Principles, Mr.
Latitat.

Lat. Why, Sir, do you think that a Law-
yer—

Crab. Zounds, Sir, I never thought about
a Lawyer. The Law is an oracular Idol, you
are the explanatory Ministers; nor shou'd any
of my own private Concerns have made me
bow to your beastly *Baal*. I had rather lose a
Cause, than contest it. And had not this old,
doating Dunce, Sir *John Buck*, plagu'd me
with the Management of his Money, and the
Care of his Booby Boy, Bedlam shou'd sooner
have had me, than the Bar.

Lat. Bedlam, the Bar! Since, Sir, I am
provok'd, I don't know what your Choice
may be, or what your Friends may choose for

you; I wish I was your *prochain Ami*: But I am under some Doubts as to the Sanity of the Testator, otherwise he could not have chosen for his Executor, under the Sanction of the Law, a Person who despises the Law. And the Law, give me Leave to tell you, Mr. *Crab*, is the Bulwark, the Fence, the Protection, the *sine qua non*, the *non plus ultra*——

Crab. Mercy, good Six and Eight-pence.

Lat. The Defence, and Offence, the by which, and the whereby, the Statute common and customary, or as *Plowden* classically and elegantly expresses it, 'tis

*Mos commune vetus mores, Consulta Sonatus,
Hæc tria Jus statuunt Terra Britannia
tibi.*

Crab. Zounds, Sir, among all your Laws, are there none to protect a Man in his own House?

Lat. Sir, a Man's House is his *Castellum*, his Castle; and so tender is the Law of any Infringement of that sacred Right, that any Attempt to invade it by Force, Fraud, or Violence, clandestinely, or *Vi & Armis*, is not only deem'd *felonius* but *burglarius*. Now, Sir, a Burglary may be committed, either upon the Dwelling, or the Out-house.

Crab. O laud! O laud!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Your Clerk, Sir,——The Parties, he says, are all in waiting at your Chambers.

Lat. I come. I will but just explain to
Mr.

Mr. Crab, the Nature of a Burglary, as it has been describ'd by a late Statute.

Crab. Zounds, Sir, I have not the least Curiosity.

Lat. Sir, but every Gentleman shou'd know——

Crab. I won't know. Besides, your Clients——

Lat. O, they may stay. I sha'nt take up five Minutes, Sir,——A Burglary——

Crab. Not an Instant.

Lat. By the Common Law——

Crab. I'll not hear a Word.

Lat. It was but a *Claustrium fregit*.

Crab. Dear Sir, be gone.

Lat. But by the late Acts of Par——

Crab. Help, you Dog. Zounds, Sir, get out of my House.

Serv. Your Clients, Sir——

Crab. Push him out [*the Lawyer talking all the while*] So, ho! Hark'ee, Rascal, if you suffer that Fellow to enter my Doors again, I'll strip and discard you the very Minute. [*Exit. Serv.*] This is but the Beginning of my Torments. But that I expect the young Whelp from abroad, every Instant, I'd fly for it myself, and quit the Kingdom at once.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My young Master's travelling Tutor, Sir, just arrived.

Crab. Oh, then I suppose, the Blockhead of a Baronet is close at his Heels. Show him in. This Bear-leader, I reckon now, is either

ther the clumsy Curate of the Knight's Parish Church, or some needy Highlander, the Outcast of his Country, who, with the Pride of a *German* Baron, the Poverty of a *French* Marquis, the Address of a *Swiss* Soldier, and the Learning of an Academy Usher, is to give our Heir apparent Politeness, Taste, Literature; a perfect Knowledge of the World, and of himself.

Enter Macruthen.

Mac. Maister *Crab*, I am your devoted Servant.

Crab. Oh, a *British* Child, by the Mefs.— Well, where's your Charge?

Mac. O, the young Baronet is o'the Road. I was mighty afraid he had o'rta'en me; for between *Canterbury* and *Rochester*, I was stopt, and robb'd by a High-way-man.

Crab. Robb'd! What the Devil cou'd he rob you of?

Mac. In gude Troth, not a mighty Booty. *Buchanan's* History, *Lauder* against *Melton*, and two Pound of high-dry'd *Glasgow*.

Crab. A good travelling Equipage. Well, and what's become of your Cub? Where have you left him?

Mac. Main you Sir *Charles*? I left him at *Calais*, with another young Nobleman, returning from his Travels. But why caw ye him Cub, Maister *Crab*? In gude troth, there's a meeghty Alteration.

Crab. Yes, yes, I have a shrewd Guess at his Improvements.

Mac,

Mac. He's quite a Phœnomenon.

Crab. Oh, a Comet, I dare swear, but not an unusual one, at *Paris*. The Faux-bourg of St. *Germain*s, swarms with such, to the no small Amusement of our very good Friends, the *French*.

Mac. Oh, the *French* were mighty fond of him.

Crab. But as to the Language, I suppose, he's a perfect Master of that.

Mac. He can caw for aught that he need, but he is na quite Maister of the Accent.

Crab. A most astonishing Progress!

Mac. Suspend your Judgment a while, and you'll find him all ye wish, allowing for the Sallies of Juvenility; and must take the Vanity to myself of being, in a great Measure, the Author.

Crab. Oh, if he be but a faithful Copy of the admirable Original, he must be a finish'd Piece.

Mac. You are pleased to Complement.

Crab. Not a whit. Well, and what—I suppose you, and your—what's your Name—?

Mac. *Macrutben*, at your Service.

Crab. *Macrutben*! Hum! You and your Pupil agreed very well?

Mac. Perfectly. The young Gentleman is of an amiable Disposition.

Crab. Oh, ay: And it wou'd be wrong to sowre his Temper. You knew your Duty better, I hope, than to contradict him.

Mac. It was na for me, Maister *Crab*.

Crab.

Crab. Oh, by no means Master *Macrutben*; all your Bus'ness was to keep him out of Frays; to take care, for the sake of his Health, that his Wine was genuine, and his Mistresses as they shou'd be. You pimp'd for him, I suppose?

Mac. Pimp for him! D'ye mean to affront——

Crab. To suppose the contrary would be the Affront, Mr. Tutor. What, Man, you know the World. 'Tis not by Contradiction, but by Compliance, that Men make their Fortunes. And was it for you to thwart the Humour of a Lad upon the Threshold of ten thousand Pounds a Year?

Mac. Why, to be sure, great Allowances must be made.

Crab. No doubt, no doubt.

Mac. I see, Maister *Crab*, you know Mankind. You are Sir *John Buck's* Executor.

Crab. True.

Mac. I have a little Thought that may be useful to us both.

Crab. As how?

Mac. Cou'd na we contrive to make a Hond o' the young Baronet.

Crab. Explain.

Mac. Why you, by the Will, have the Care o'the Cash; and I caw make a Shift to manage the Lad.

Crab. Oh, I conceive you. And so between us both, we may contrive to ease him of that Inheritance which he knows not how properly

ly to employ; and apply it to our own Use. You do know how.

Mac. Ye ha hit it.

Crab. Why what a superlative Rascal art thou, thou inhospitable Villain! Under the Roof, and in the Presence, of thy Benefactor's Representative, with almost his ill-bestowed Bread in thy Mouth, art thou plotting the Perdition of his only Child! And, from what Part of my Life, didst thou derive a Hope of my Compliance with such a hellish Scheme?

Mac. Maister *Crab*, I am of a Nation—

Crab. Of known Honour and Integrity; I allow it. The Kingdom you have quitted, in consigning the Care of its Monarch, for Ages, to your Predecessors, in Preference to its proper Subjects, has given you a brilliant Panegyric, that no other People can parallel.

Mac. Why, to be sure——

Crab. And one Happiness it is, that tho' national Glory can beam a Brightness on Particulars, the Crimes of Individuals can never reflect a Disgrace upon their Country. Thy Apology but aggravates thy Guilt.

Mac. Why, Maister *Crab*, I——

Crab. Guilt and Confusion choak thy Utterance. Avoid my Sight. Vanish. [*Exit Mac*]. A fine Fellow this, to protect the Person, inform the Inexperience, direct and moderate the Desires, of an unbridled Boy! But can it be strange, whilst the Parent negligently accepts a superficial Recommendation to so important a Trust, that the Person,

C

whose

whose Wants, perhaps, more than his Abilities, make desirous of it, shou'd consider the Youth as a Kind of Property, and not study what to make him, but what to make of him; and thus prudently lay a Foundation for his future sordid Hopes, by a criminal Compliance with the Lad's present prevailing Passions? But Vice and Folly rule the World.— Without, there. [*enter Serv.*] Rascal, where d'you run, Blockhead? Bid the Girl come hither.—Fresh Instances, every Moment, fortify my Abhorrence, my Detestation of Mankind. This Turn may be term'd Misanthropy; and imputed to Chagrin and Disappointment. But it can only be by those Fools, who, thro' Softness or Ignorance, regard the Faults of others, like their own, thro' the wrong End of the Perspective.

Enter Lucinda.

So, what, I suppose your Spirits are all a-float. You have heard your Fellow's coming.

Luc. If you had your usual Discernment, Sir, you wou'd distinguish, in my Countenance, an Expression very different from that of Joy.

Crab. Oh, what, I suppose your Monkey has broke his Chain, or your Parrot dy'd in moulting.

Luc. A Person less censorious than Mr. Crab, might assign a more generous Motive for my Distress.

Crab. Distress! A pretty, poetical Phrase! What Motive canst thou have for Distress? Has not Sir *John Buck's* Death assured thy Fortune? and art not thou——

Luc.

Luc. By that very Means, a helpless, unprotected Orphan.

Crab. Pho', pr'ythee Wench, none of thy romantic Cant to me. What, I know the Sex: The Objects of every Woman's Wish, are Property and Power. The first you have, and the second you won't be long without; for here's a Puppy riding Post to put on your Chains.

Luc. It wou'd appear Affectation not to understand you. And, to deal freely, it was upon that Subject I wish'd to engage you.

Crab. Your Information was needless; I knew it.

Luc. Nay, but why so severe? I did flatter myself that the very warm Recommendation of your deceased Friend, wou'd have abated a little of that Rigour.

Crab. No wheedling, *Lucy*. Age and Contempt have long shut these Gates against Flattery and Dissimulation. You have no Sex for me. Without Preface, speak your Purpose.

Luc. What then, in a Word, is your Advice with regard to my marrying Sir *Charles Buck*?

Crab. And do you seriously want my Advice?

Luc. Most sincerely.

Crab. Then you are a Blockhead. Why, where cou'd you mend yourself? Is not he a Fool, a Fortune, and in Love?—Look'ee, Girl. [*Enter Servant*] Who sent for you, Sir?

Ser. Sir, my young Master's Post-chaise is broke down, at the Corner of the Street, by a Coal-cart. His Cloaths are all Dirt, and he swears like a Trooper.

Crab. Ay! Why then carry his Chaise to the Coach-maker's, his Coat to a Scowerer's, and him before a Justice.—Pr'ythee why dost trouble me? I suppose you wou'd not meet your Gallant.

Luc. Do you think I shou'd?

Crab. No, retire. And if this Application for my Advice, is not a Copy of your Countenance, a Mask; if you are obedient, I may set you right.

Luc. I shall, with Pleasure, follow your Directions. *Exit.*

Crab. Yes, so long as they correspond with your own Inclination. Now we shall see what *Paris* has done for this Puppy. But here he comes; light as the Cork in his Heels; or the Feather in his Hat.

Enter Buck, Lord John, La Loire, Bearnois and Macruthen.

Buck. Not a Word, *mi Lor*; *jernie*, it is not to be supported!—after being *rompu tout vif*, disjointed by that execrable *Pavé*, to be tumbled into a Kennel, by a filthy *Charbonnier*; a dirty Retailer of Sea-coal, *morbleu*!

Ld. J. An Accident that might have happened any where, Sir *Charles*.

Buck. And then the hideous Hootings of that detestable *Canaille*, that murtherous Mob, with

with the barbarous-Monsieur in the Mud, huzza! Ah, *Pais sauvage, barbare, inhospitable!* ah, ah, *qu'est ce-que nous avons?* Who?

Mac. That is Maister Crab, your Father's Executor.

Buck. Ha, ha. *Serviteur très bumble, Monsieur. Ebbien!* What! is he dumb? Mac, my Lor, *mort de ma Vie*, the veritable *Jack-Roast-beef* of the French Comedy. Ha, ha, how do you do, *Monsieur Jack-Roast-beef*, ha, ha?

Crab. Pr'ythee take a Turn or two about the Room.

Buck. A Turn or two! *Volontiers. Ebbien!* Well, have you, in your Life, seen any Thing so, ha, ha, hey!

Crab. Never. I hope you had not many Spectators of your Tumble.

Buck. *Pourquoi?* Why so?

Crab. Because I wou'd not have the public Curiosity forestalled. I can't but think, in a Country so fond of strange Sight, if you were kept up a little, you wou'd bring a great deal of Money.

Buck. I don't know, my Dear, what my Person wou'd produce in this Country, but the Counterpart of your very grotesque Figure has been extremely beneficial to the Comedians from whence I came. *N'est-ce pas vrai, mi Lor?* Ha, ha.

Ld. J. The Resemblance does not strike me. Perhaps, I may seem singular; but the particular Customs of particular Countries, I own, never appeared to me, as proper Objects of Ridicule.

Buck.

Buck. Why so?

Ld. J. Because, in this Case, it is impossible to have a Rule for your Judgment. The Forms and Customs which Climate, Constitution and Government have given to one Kingdom, can never be transplanted with Advantage to another, founded on different Principles. And thus, tho' the Habits and Manners of different Countries may be directly opposite, yet, in my humble Conception, they may be strictly, because naturally, right.

Crab. Why there are some Glimmerings of Common-sense about this young Thing. Harkee, Child, by what Accident did you stumble upon this Blockhead? [*to Buck.*] I suppose the Line of your Understanding is too short to fathom the Depth of your Companion's Reasoning.

Buck. My dear [*gapes.*]!

Crab. I say, you can draw no Conclusion from the above Premises.

Buck. Who I? Damn your Premises, and Conclusions too. But this I conclude, from what I have seen, my dear, that the French are the first People in the Universe; that, in the Arts of living, they do or ought to give Laws to the whole World, and that whosoever wou'd either eat, drink, dress, dance, fight, sing, or even sneeze, *avec Elegance*, must go to *Paris*, to learn it. This is my Creed.

Crab. And these precious Principles you are come here to propagate.

Buck. *C'est vrai, Monsieur Crab:* and with the

the Aid of these Brother Missionaries, I have no doubt of making a great many Profelytes. And now for a Detail of their Qualities. *Bearnoiz, avances.* This is an Officer of my Household, unknown to this Country.

Crab. And what may he be?—I'll humour the Puppy.

Buck. This is my Swiss Porter. *Tenez vous droit, Bearnois.* There's a Fierce Figure, to guard the Gate of an Hôtel.

Crab. What do you suppose that we have no Porters?

Buck. Yes, you have Dunces that open Doors; a Drudgery that this Fellow does by Deputy. But for Intrepidity in denying a disagreeable Visitor; for Politeness in introducing a Mistress, Acuteness in discerning, and Constancy in excluding a Dun, a greater Genius never came from the Cantons.

Crab. Astonishing Qualities!

Buck. *Retirez, Bearnois.* But here's a *Bi-jou*, here's a Jewel indeed! *Venez ici, mon cher La Loire.* *Comment trouvez vous ce Paris ici?*

La L. *Très bien.*

Buck. Very well. Civil Creature! This, *Monfieur Crab*, is my Cook *La Loire*, and for *Hors d'Oeuvres, Entre Rotis, Ragoûts, Entremets*, and the Disposition of a Desert, *Paris* never saw his Parallel.

Crab. His Wages, I suppose, are proportioned to his Merit.

Buck. A Bagatelle, a Trifle. Abroad but a bare Two Hundred. Upon his cheerful Compliance, in coming hither into Exile with me, I have, indeed, doubled his Stipend.

Crab. You could do no less.

Buck. And now, Sir, to compleat my Equipage, *regardez Monsieur La Jonquil*, my first *Valet de Chambre*, excellent in every Thing: but *pour l'Accommodage*, for decorating the Head, inimitable. In one Word, *La Jonquil* shall, for fifty to five, knot, twist, tye, frieze, cut, curl, or comb with any *Garçon Perruquier*, from the Land's End, to the Orkneys.

Crab. Why, what an infinite Fund of public Spirit must you have, to drain your Purse, mortify your Inclination, and expose your Person, for the meer Improvement of your Country-Men?

Buck. Oh, I am a very *Roman* for that. But at present, I had another Reason for Returning.

Crab. Ay, what can that be?

Buck. Why, I find there is a Likelihood of some little Fracas, between us. But, upon my soul, we must be very brutal to quarrel with the dear, agreeable Creatures, for a Trifle.

Crab. They have your Affections then.

Buck. *De tout mon cœur.* From the infinite Civility shewn to us, in *France*, and their friendly Professions in Favour of our Country, they can never intend us an Injury.

Crab.

Crab. Oh, you have hit their Humour to a Hair. But I can have no longer Patience with the Puppy. Civility and Friendship, you Booby! Yes, their Civility, at *Paris*; has not left you a Guinea in your Pocket, nor wou'd their Friendship to your Nation leave it a Foot of Land in the Universe.

Buck. Lord *John*, this is a strange old Fellow. Take my Word for it, my Dear, you mistake this Thing egregiously. But all you *English* are constitutionally fullen.—November-Fogs, with Salt boil'd Beef, are most cursed Recipes for Good-humour, or a quick Apprehension. *Paris* is the Place. 'Tis there Men laugh, love and live? *Vive l'Amour! Sans Amour, & sans ses Desirs, un Cœur est bien moins heureux qu'il ne pense.*

Crab. Now wou'd not any Soul suppose that this yelping Hound had a real Relish for the Country he has quitted?

Buck. A mighty unnatural Supposition, truly.

Crab. Foppery and Affectation all.

Buck. And you really think *Paris* a Kind of Purgatory, ha, my Dear?

Crab. To thee the most solitary Spot upon Earth, my Dear. —Familiar Puppy!

Buck. Whimsical enough. But come, *pour passer le Temps*, let us, old *Diogenes*, enter into a little Debate. Mi Lor, and you, *Macruthen*, determine the Dispute between that Source of Delights, *ce Paradis de Plaisir*, and this Cave of Care, this Seat of Scurvy and the Spleen.

D

Mac.

Mac. Let us heed them weel, my Lord. Maister *Crab* has met with his Match.

Buck. And first for the great Pleasure of Life, the Pleasure of the Table; Ah, *quelle Différence!* The Ease, the Wit, the Wine, the *Badinage*, the *Percisslage*, the *double Entendre*, the *Chansons à boire*, Oh, what delicious Moments have I pass'd *chez Madame la Duchesse de Barbouliac*.

Crab. Your Mistress, I suppose.

Buck. Who I! *Fi donc!* How is it possible for a Woman of her Rank, to have a *Penchant* for me? Hey, *Mac!*

Mac. Sir *Charles* is too much a Man of Honour to blab. But, to say Truth, the whole City of *Paris* thought as much.

Crab. A precious Fellow this!

Buck. *Taisez vous, Mac.* But we lose the Point in View. Now, *Monsieur Crab*, let me conduct you to what you call an Entertainment. And first, the melancholy Mistress is fixed in her Chair, where, by the by, she is condemn'd to do more Drudgery than a Dray-horse. Next proceeds the Master, to marshal the Guests, in which as much Caution is necessary, as at a Coronation, with, "My Lady, sit here," and, "Sir *Thomas*, sit there," till the Length of the Ceremony, with the Length of the Grace, have destroy'd all Apprehensions of the Meat's burning your Mouths.

Mac. Bravo, bravo! Did I na' say Sir *Charles* was a Phænomenon?

Crab. Peace, Puppy.

Buck.

Buck. Then, in solemn Silence, they proceed to demolish the Substantials, with, perhaps, an occasional Interruption, of, "Here's to you, Friends," "Hob or Nob," "Your Love and mine." Pork succeeds to Beef, Pies to Puddings: The Cloth is remov'd: Madam, drench'd with a Bumper, drops a Courtsey, and departs; leaving the jovial Host, with his sprightly Companions, to Tobacco, Port, and Politics. *Voilà un Repas à la Mode d'Angleterre, Monsieur Crab.*

Crab. It is a thousand Pities that your Father is not a living Witness of these prodigious Improvements.

Buck. *C'est vrai.* But *à propos*, he is dead, as you say, and you are——

Crab. Against my Inclination, his Executor.

Buck. *Peut être*; well, and——

Crab. Oh, my Trust will soon determine. One Article, indeed, I am strictly enjoind to see perform'd; your Marriage with your old Acquaintance *Lucinda*.

Buck. *Ha, ha, la petite Lucinde!* & comment——

Crab. Pry'thee, Peace, and hear me. She is bequeath'd conditionally, that if you refuse to marry her, twenty thousand Pounds; and if she rejects you, which I suppose she will have the Wisdom to do, only five.

Buck. Reject me! Very probable, hey, *Mac!* But cou'd not we have an *Entrevüe*?

Crab. Who's there? Let *Lucinda* know we expect her.

Mac. Had na'ye better, Sir *Charles*, equip yoursell in a more suitable Garb, upon a first Visit to your Mistress?

Crab. Oh, such a Figure and Address can derive no Advantage from Dress.

Buck. Serviteur. But, however, *Mac's* Hint may not be so *mal à propos*, *Allons, Jonquil, je m'en vais m'habiller.* Mi Lor, shall I trespass upon your Patience? My Toilette is but a Work of ten Minutes. *Mac*, dispose of my Domestics *à leur aise*, and then attend me with my Port-feuille, and read, while I dress, those Remarks I made in my last Voyage from *Fontainebleau* to *Compeigne*. *Serviteur, Messieurs.*

Car le bon Vin

Du Matin,

Sortant du Tonneau,

Vaut bien mieux que

Le Latin

De toute la Sorbonne. Exit.

Crab. This is the most consummate Coxcomb! I told the Fool of a Father, what a Puppy *Paris* wou'd produce him; but travel is the Word, and the Consequence, an Importation of every foreign Folly: And thus the plain Persons and Principles of old *England*, are so confounded and jumbl'd with the excrementitious Growth of every Climate, that we have lost all our ancient Characteristic, and are become a Bundle of Contradictions; a Piece of Patch-work; a mere Harlequin's Coat.

Ld. γ.

Ld. J. Do you suppose then, Sir, that no Good may be obtain'd——

Crab. Why, pry'thee, what have you gain'd?

Ld. J. I shou'd be sorry my Acquisitions were to determine the Debate. But do you think, Sir, the Shaking-off some native Qualities, and the being made more sensible, from Comparison of certain, national and constitutional Advantages, Objects unworthy the Attention?

Crab. You shew the favourable Side, young Man: But how frequently are substituted for national Prepossessions, always harmless, and often happy, guilty and unnatural Prejudices!—Unnatural!—For the Wretch who is weak and wicked enough to despise his Country, sins against the most laudable Law of Nature; he is a Traitor to the Community, where Providence has placed him; and shou'd be deny'd those social Benefits he has render'd himself unworthy to partake. But sententious Lectures are ill calculated for your Time of Life.

Ld. J. I differ from you here, Mr. *Crab*. Principles that call for perpetual Practice, cannot be too soon receiv'd. I sincerely thank you, Sir, for this Communication, and shou'd be happy to have always near me so moral a Monitor.

Crab. You are indebted to *France* for her Flattery. But I leave you with a Lady, where it will be better employ'd.

Enter

Enter Lucinda.

Crab. This young Man waits here, till your Puppy is powder'd. You may ask him after your *French* Acquaintance. I know nothing of him; but he does not seem to be altogether so great a Fool as your Fellow. *Exit.*

Luc. I'm afraid, Sir, you have had but a disagreeable *Tête à Tête*.

Ld. ♀. Just the contrary, Madam. By Good-sense, ting'd with Singularity, we are entertained as well as improved. For a Lady, indeed, Mr. *Crab's* Manners are rather too rough.

Luc. Not a Jot; I am familiarized to 'm. I know his Integrity, and can never be disoblig'd by his Sincerity.

Ld. ♀. This Declaration is a little particular, from a Lady who must have received her first Impressions in a Place remarkable for its Delicacy to the Fair Sex. But Good-sense can conquer even early Habits.

Luc. This Compliment I can lay no claim to. The former Part of my Life, procured me but very little Indulgence. The Pittance of Knowledge I possess, was taught me by a very severe Mistress, Adversity. But you, Sir, are too well acquainted with Sir *Charles Buck*, not to have known my Situation.

Ld. ♀. I have heard your Story, Madam, before I had the Honour of seeing you. It was affecting: You'll pardon the Declaration; it now becomes interesting. However, it is impossible

possible I shou'd not congratulate you on the near Approach of the happy Catastrophe.

Luc. Events that depend upon the Will of another, a thousand unforeseen Accidents may interrupt.

Ld. J. Cou'd I hope, Madam, your present critical Condition wou'd acquit me of Temerity, I shou'd take the Liberty to presume, if the Suit of Sir *Charles* be rejected—

Enter Crab.

Crab. So, Youngster! what, I suppose, you are already practising one of your foreign Lessons. Perverting the Affections of a Friend's Mistress, or debauching his Wife, are meer Peccadilloes, in modern Morality. But, at present, you are my Care. That Way conducts you to your Fellow-Traveller. [*Exit Ld. J.*] I wou'd speak with you in the Library.

Exit.

Luc. I shall attend you, Sir. Never was so unhappy an Interruption. What cou'd my Lord mean? But be it what it will, it ought not, it cannot concern me. Gratitude and Duty demand my Compliance with the dying Wish of my Benefactor, my Friend, my Father. But am I then to sacrifice all my future Peace? But reason not, rash Girl; Obedience is thy Province.

*Tho' hard the Task, be it my Part to prove
That sometimes Duty can give Laws to Love.*

ACT II.

A C T II.

Buck at his Toilet, attended by three *Valets de Chambres* and *Macruthen*.

MAC. Notwithstanding aw his plain dealing, I doubt whether *Maister Crab* is so honest a Man.

Buck. Pr'ythee, *Mac*, name not the Monster. If I may be permitted a Quotation from one of their paltry Poets,

Who is Knight of the Shire represents 'em all.
Did ever Mortal see such *Mirroirs*, such Looking-glass-as they have here too? One might as well address oneself, for Information, to a Bucket of Water. *La Jonquil, mettez vous le rouge, assez. He bien, Mac, miserable! Hey!*

Mac. It's very becoming.

Buck. Ay, it will do for this Place; I really cou'd have forgiven my Father's living a Year or two longer, rather than be compelled to return to this.

[*Enter Lord John.*]

My dear Lord, *je demande mille Pardons*, but the terrible Fracas in my Chaise had so gateed and disordered my Hair, that it required an Age to adjust it.

Ld. J. No Apology, Sir *Charles*, I have been entertain'd very agreeably.

Buck. Who have you had, my dear Lord, to entertain you?

Ld. J. The very individual Lady that's soon to make you a happy Husband.

Mac.

Buck. A happy who? Husband! What two very opposite Ideas have you confounded *ensemble*? In my Conscience, I believe there's Contagion in the Clime, and my Lor is infected. But pray, my dear Lor, by what Accident have you discovered, that I was upon the Point of becoming that happy—Oh, *un Mari! Diable?*

Ld. J. The Lady's Beauty and Merit, your Inclinations, and your Father's Injunctions, made me conjecture that.

Buck. And can't you suppose that the Lady's Beauty may be possess'd, her Merit rewarded, and my Inclinations gratify'd, without an absolute Obedience to that Fatherly Injunction?

Ld. J. It does not occur to me.

Buck. No, I believe not, my Lor. Those Kind of Talents are not given to every Body. *Donnez moi mon Manchon.* And now you shall see me manage the Lady.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Young Squire Racket, and Sir Toby Tallyhoe, who call themselves your Honour's old Acquaintances.

Buck. Oh the Brutes! By what Accident cou'd they discover my Arrival? My dear, dear Lor, aid me to escape this Embarras.

Racket and Tallyhoe without.

Hoic a Boy, Hoic a Boy.

Buck. Let me dye if I do not believe the *Hottentots* have brought a whole hundred of Hounds with them. But, they say, Forms

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keep

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keep Fools at a Distance. I'll receive 'em *en Cérémonie*.

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe:

Tally. Hey Boy, hoics my little *Buck*.

Buck. *Monfieur le Chevalier, votre très humble Serviteur.*

Tally. Hey.

Buck. *Monfieur Racket, Je fuis charmé de vous voir.*

Rack. Anon what!

Buck. *Ne m'entendez-vous: Don't you know French?*

Rack. Know *French*! No, nor you neither, I think. Sir *Toby*, foregad I believe the Papiftes ha bewitch'd him in foreign Parts.

Tally. Bewitch'd, and transformed him too. Let me periff, *Racket*, if I dont think he's like one of the Folks we used to read of at School, in *Ovid's Metamorphis*; that they have turned him into a Beast.

Rack. A Beast! No, a Bird, you Fool. Lookee, Sir *Toby*, by the Lord *Harry*, here are his Wings.

Tally. Hey! ecod and fo they are, ha, ha. I reckon, *Racket*, he came over with the Woodcocks.

Buck. *Voilà des véritables Anglois.* The rustic rude *Ruffians*!

Rack. Let us fee what the Devil he has put upon his Pole, Sir *Toby*.

Tally. Ay.

Buck. Do, dear Savage, keep your Distance.

Tally. Nay, fore George, we will have a Scrutiny.

Rack. Ay, ay, a Scrutiny.

Buck. *En Grace, La Jonquil*, my Lor, protect me from these Pyrates.

Ld. J. A little Compassion, I beg, Gentlemen. Consider, Sir *Charles* is upon a Visit to his Bride.

Tally. Bride! Zounds, he's fitter for a Band-box; *Racket*, Hocks the Heels.

Rack. I have 'em, Knight. Foregad he is the very Reverse of a Bantam Cock: His Comb's on his Feet, and his Feathers on his Head. Who have we got here! What are these three Fellows; Pastry-Cooks?

Enter Crab.

Crab. And is this one of your newly acquired Accomplishments, letting your Mistress languish for a—but you have Company, I see.

Buck. O, yes, I have been inexpressibly happy. These Gentlemen are kind enough to treat me, upon my Arrival, with what, I believe, they call in this Country, a Rout.—My dear Lor, if you dont favour my Flight. But see if the Toads a'n't tumbling my Toilet.

Ld. J. Now's your Time, steal off; I'll cover your Retreat.

Buck. Mac, let *La Jonquil* follow to resettle my *Cbeveux*.—*Je vous remercie mille, mille Fois, mon cher* my Lor.

Rack. Hola, Sir *Toby*, stole away!

Buck. O *mon Dieu*.

Tally. Poh, rot him, let him alone. He'll never do for our Purpose. You must know we intended to kick up a Riot, To-night, at the Play-house, and we wanted him of the Party; but that Fop wou'd swoon at the Sight of a Cudgel.

Ld. J. Pray, Sir, what is your Cause of Contention?

Tally. Cause of Contention, hey, Faith, I know nothing of the Matter. *Racket*, what is it we are angry about?

Rack. Angry about! Why you know we are to demolish the Dancers.

Tally. True, true, I had forgot. Will you make one?

Ld. J. I beg to be excused.

Rack. May hap you are a Friend to the *French*.

Ld. J. Not I, indeed, Sir. But, if the Occasion will permit me a Pun, tho' I am far from being a Well-wisher to their Arms, I have no Objection to the being entertained by their Legs.

Tally. Ay! Why then if you'll come To-night, you'll split your Sides with Laughing, for I'll be rot if we don't make them caper higher, and run faster, than ever they have done since the Battle of *Blenheim*. Come along,

Racket. *Exit.*

Ld. J. Was there ever such a Contrast?

Crab. Not so remote as you imagine; they are Scions from the same Stock, set in different Soils. The first Shrub, you see, flowers most
prodi-

prodigally, but matures nothing; the last Slip, tho' stunted, bears a little Fruit; crabbed, 'tis true, but still the Growth of the Clime. Come, you'll follow your Friend. *Exit.*

Enter Lucinda, with a Servant.

Luc. When Mr. *Crab*, or Sir *Charles*, enquire for me; you will conduct them hither.

Exit. Serv.

How I long for an End to this important Interview! Not that I have any great Expectations from the Issue; but still, in my Circumstances, a State of Suspence is, of all Situations, the most disagreeable. But hush, they come.

Enter Sir Charles, Macruthen, Ld. John, and Crab.

Buck. Mac, announce me.

Mac. Madam, Sir *Charles Buck* craves the Honour of kissing your Hand.

Buck. Tres humble Serviteur. Et comment sa porte Mademoiselle. I am ravish'd to see thee, *ma chere petite Lucinde*.—*Eh bien, ma Reine!* Why, you look divinely, Child. But, *mon Infant*, they have dress'd you most diabolically. Why, what a *Coiffeuse* must you have, and, *oh mon Dieu*, a total Absence of Rouge. But, perhaps, you are out. I had a Cargo from *Deffreny* the Day of my Departure; shall I have the Honour to supply you?

Luc. You are obliging, Sir, but I confess myself a Convert to the chaste Customs of this Country, and, with a commercial People, you know, Sir *Charles*, all Artifice —

Buck.

Buck. Artifice ! You mistake the Point, *ma Chere*. A proper Proportion of red, is an indispensable Part of your Dress ; and, in my private Opinion, a Woman might as well appear, in public, without Powder, or a Pettycoat.

Crab. And, in my private Opinion, a Woman who puts on the first, wou'd make very little Difficulty in pulling off the last.

Buck. Oh, Monsieur *Crab's* Judgment must be decisive in Dress. Well, and what Amusements, what Spectacles, what Parties, what Contrivances, to conquer Father Time, that Foe to the Fair ? I fancy one must *ennuier considerablement* in your *London* here.

Luc. Oh, we are in no Distress for Diversions. We have an Opera.

Buck. *Italien*, I suppose, *pitoiable*, shocking, *assommant* ! Oh, there is no supporting their *bi, bi, bi, bi*. *Ab mon Dieu ! Ab, Cbassé brillant Soleil,*

Brillant Soleil,

A-t-on jamais veu ton pareil ?

There's Music and Melody.

Luc. What a Fop !

Buck. But proceed, *ma Princesse*.

Luc. Oh, then we have Plays.

Buck. That I deny, Child.

Luc. No Plays !

Buck. No.

Luc. The Assertion is a little whimsical.

Buck. Ay, that may be ; you have here dramatic Things, farcical in their Composition, and ridiculous in their Representation.

Luc.

Luc. Sir, I own myself unequal to the Controversy; but, surely, *Shakespear* — My Lord, this Subject calls upon you for its Defence.

Crab. I know from what Fountain this Fool has drawn his Remarks; the Author of the *Cbinese Orphan*, in the Preface to which Mr. *Voltaire* calls the principal Works of *Shakespear* monstrous Farces.

Ld. J. Mr. *Crab* is right, Madam. Mr. *Voltaire* has stigmatized with a very unjust and a very invidious Appellation the principal Works of that great Master of the Passions; and his apparent Motive renders him the more inexcusable.

Luc. What cou'd it be, my Lord?

Ld. J. The preventing his Countrymen from becoming acquainted with our Author; that he might be at Liberty to pilfer from him, with the greater Security.

Luc. Ungenerous, indeed!

Buck. Palpable Defamation.

Luc. And as to the Exhibition, I have been taught to believe, that for a natural Pathetic, and a spirited Expression, no People upon Earth——

Buck. You are impos'd upon, Child; the *Lequesne*, the *Lanoue*, the *Grandval*, the *Dumenil*, the *Gaussen*, what Dignity, what Action! But, *à propos*, I have myself wrote a Tragedy in *French*.

Luc. Indeed!

Buck. *En Verité*, upon *Voltaire's* Plan.

Crab.

Crab. That must be a precious Piece of Work.

Buck. It is now in Repetition at the *French* Comedy. *Grandval* and *La Gaussen* perform the principal Parts. Oh, what an *Eclat*! What a Burst will it make in the Parterre, when the King of *Ananaboe* refuses the Person of the Princess of *Cochineal*!

Luc. Do you remember the Passage?

Buck. Entire; and I believe I can convey it in their manner.

Luc. That will be delightful.

Buck. And first the King.

*Ma chere Princesse, je vous aime, c'est vrai ;
De ma Femme vous portez les charmants
Attraits.*

*Mais ce n'est pas bonnête pour un Homme,
tel que moi,*

*De tromper ma Femme, ou de rompre ma
Foi.*

Luc. Inimitable!

Buck. Now the Princess; she is, as you may suppose, in extreme Distress.

Luc. No doubt.

Buck. *Mon grand Roy, mon Cher adorable,
Ayez pitié de moi ; je suis inconsolable.*

[Then he turns his Back upon her, at which, she in a Fury,]

*Monstre, ingrat, affreux, horrible, funeste,
Oh que je vous aime, ah que je vous deteste!*

[Then

[Then he,]

*Penſez vous, Madame, à me donner la Loi,
Vôtre Haine, vôtre Amour, ſont les mêmes
Chofes à moi.*

Luc. Bravo!

Ld. J. Bravo, bravo!

Buck. Ay, there's Paſſion and Poetry, and Reason and Rhime. Oh how I deteſt Blood, and blank Verſe! There is ſomething ſo ſoft, ſo muſical, and ſo natural in the rich Rhimes of the *Theatre François!*

Ld. J. I did not know Sir Charles was ſo totally devoted to the *Belles Lettres.*

Buck. Oh, entirely. 'Tis the Ton, the Taſte, I am every Night at the *Caffé * Proſcope*, and had not I had the Miſfortune to be born in this curſt Country, I make no Doubt but you wou'd have ſeen my Name among the foremoſt of the *French Academy.*

Crab. I ſhould think you might eaſily get over that Difficulty, if you will be but ſo obliging, as publicly to renounce us. I dare engage not one of your Countrymen ſhall contradict, or claim you.

Buck. No!—Impossible. From the Barbarity of my Education, I muſt ever be taken for an *Anglois.*

Crab. Never.

Buck. *En Verité?*

Crab. *En Verité.*

Buck. You flatter me.

* A Coffee-houſe, oppoſite the French Comedy, where the Wits aſſemble every Evening.

42. *The ENGLISHMAN*

Crab. But common Justice.

Mac. Nay, Maister *Crab* is in the Right, for I have often heard the *French* themselves say, Is it possible that Gentleman can be *British*?

Buck. Obliging Creatures ! And you all concur with them.

Crab. Entirely.

Luc. Entirely.

Ld. *J.* Entirely.

Buck. How happy you make me !

Crab. Egregious Puppy ! But we lose Time. A Truce to this Trumpery. You have read your Father's Will ?

Buck. No ; I read no *English*. When *Mac* has turn'd it into *French*, I may run over the Items.

Crab. I have told you the Part that concerns the Girl. And as your Declaration upon it will discharge me, I leave you to what you will call an *Eclaircissement*. Come, my Lord.

Buck. Nay, but Monsieur *Crab*, my Lor, *Mac*.

Crab. Along with us. *Ex.*

Buck. A comfortable Scrape I am in ! What the Deuce am I to do, in the Language of the Place ? I am to make Love, I suppose. A pretty Employment !

Luc. I fancy my Hero is a little puzzled with his Part. But, now for it.

Buck. A queer Creature, that *Crab*, *ma Petite*. But, *à propos*, How d'you like my Lord ?

Luc. He seems to have good Sense and good Breeding. *Buck.*

Buck. *Pas trop.* But don't you think he has something of a foreign Kind of Air about him?

Luc. Foreign!

Buck. Ay, something so *English* in his Manner.

Luc. Foreign, and *English*! I don't comprehend you.

Buck. Why that is, he has not the Ease, the *je ne sçai quoi*, the *bon Ton*—In a Word, he does not resemble me now.

Luc. Not in the least.

Buck. Ah, I thought so. He is to be pity'd, poor Devil, he can't help it. But, *entre nous, ma Chere*, the Fellow has a Fortune.

Luc. How does that concern me, Sir Charles?

Buck. Why, *je pense, ma Reine*, that your Eyes have done Execution there.

Luc. My Eyes Execution!

Buck. Ay, Child, is there any thing so extraordinary in that? *Ma foi*, I thought by the Vivacity of his Praise, that he had already summon'd the Garrison to surrender.

Luc. To carry on the Allusion, I believe my Lord is too good a Commander, to commence a fruitless Siege. He cou'd not but know the Condition of the Town.

Buck. Condition! Explain, *ma Chere*.

Luc. I was in Hopes, your Interview with Mr. *Crab* had made that unnecessary.

Buck. Oh, ay, I do recollect something of a ridiculous Article about Marriage, in a Will.

But what a Plot against the Peace of two poor People! Well, the Malice of some Men is amazing! Not contented with doing all the Mischief they can in their Life, they are for intailing their Malevolence like their Estates to latest Posterity.

Luc. Your Contempt of me, Sir *Charles*, I receive as a Compliment. But the infinite Obligations I owe to the Man, who had the Misfortune to call you Son, compel me to insist, that in my Presence, at least, no Indignity be offered to his Memory.

Buck. Hey day! What, in heroics, *ma Reine*!

Luc. Ungrateful, unfilial Wretch! so soon to trample on his Ashes, whose fond Heart, the greatest Load of his last Hour were his Fears for thy future Welfare.

Buck. *Ma foi, elle est Folle*, she is mad, *sans doute*.

Luc. But I am to blame. Can he who breaks through one sacred Relation regard another? Can the Monster who is corrupt enough to contemn the Place of his Birth, reverence those who gave him Being?—Impossible.

Buck. Ah, a pretty Monologue, a fine Soliloquy this, Child.

Luc. Contemptible. But I am cool.

Buck. I am mighty glad of it. Now we shall understand one another, I hope.

Luc. We do understand one another. You have already been kind enough to refuse me. Nothing is wanting but a formal Rejec-

Rejection under your Hand, and so concludes our Acquaintance.

Buck. *Vous allez trop vite*, you are too quick, *ma chere*. If I recollect, the Consequence of this Rejection is my paying you twenty thousand Pounds.

Luc. True.

Buck. Now that have not I the least Inclination to do.

Luc. No, Sir? Why you own that Marriage—

Buck. Is my Aversion. I'll give you that under my Hand, if you please; but I have a prodigious Love for the *Louis*.

Luc. Oh, we'll soon settle that Dispute; the Law—

Buck. But, hold, *ma Reine*. I don't find that my provident Father has precisely determined the Time of this comfortable Conjunction. So, tho' I am condemned, the Day of Execution is not fixed.

Luc. Sir!

Buck. I say, my Soul, there goes no more to your dying a Maid, than my living a Bachelor.

Luc. O, Sir, I shall find a Remedy.

Buck. But now suppose, *ma Belle*, I have found one to your Hand?

Luc. As how? Name one.

Buck. I'll name two. And first, *mon Enfant*; tho' I have an irresistible Antipathy to the conjugal Knot, yet I am by no means blind to your personal Charms; in the Possession of which, if you please to place me,
not

not only the aforefaid twenty thousand Pounds, but the whole *Terre* of your devoted ſhall fall at your——

Luc. Grant me Patience.

Buck. Indeed you want it, my Dear. But if you flounce, I fly.

Luc. Quick, Sir, your other. For this is——

Buck. I grant, not quite ſo fashionable as my other. It is then, in a Word, that you would let this lubberly Lord make you a Lady, and appoint me his Aſſiſtant, his private Friend, his *Ciſſiſbei*. And as we are to be joint Partakers of your Perſon, let us be equal Sharers in your Fortune, *ma Belle*.

Luc. Thou mean, abject, mercenary Thing. Thy Miſtreſs! Gracious Heaven! Universal Empire ſhou'd not bribe me to be thy Bride. And what Apology, what Excuse cou'd a Woman of the leaſt Senſe or Spirit make, for ſo unnatural a Connection!

Buck. *Fort-bien!*

Luc. Where are thy Attractions? Canſt thou be weak enough to ſuppoſe thy frippery Dreſs, thy Affectation, thy Grimace, cou'd influence beyond the Borders of a Brothel?

Buck. *Très bien!*

Luc. And what are thy Improvements? Thy Air is a Copy from thy Barber: For thy Dreſs, thou art indebted to thy Taylor. Thou haſt loſt thy native Language, and brought home none in Exchange for it.

Buck. *Extrêmement bien!*

Luc.

Luc. Had not thy Vanity so soon exposed thy Villainy, I might, in reverence to that Name, to which thou art a Disgrace, have taken a wretched Chance with thee for Life.

Buck. I am obliged to you for that. And a pretty pacific Partner I shou'd have had. Why, look'ee, Child, you have been, to be sure, very eloquent, and upon the whole, not unenter-taining: Tho' by the by, you have forgot, in your Catalogue, one of my foreign Acquisi-tions; *c'est-à-dire*, that I can, with a most in-trepid *Sang froid*, without a single Emotion, support all this Storm of female Fury. But, *adieu, ma Belle*. And when a cool Hour of Reflection has made you sensible of the Pro-priety of my Proposals, I shall expect the Ho-nour of a Card.

Luc. Be gone for ever.

Buck. *Pour jamais!* Foregad, she would make an admirable Actrice. If I once get her to *Paris*, she shall play a Part in my Piece.

Exit.

Luc. I am asham'd, this Thing has had the Power to move me thus. Who waits there? Desire Mr. *Crab* —

Enter Lord John and Crab.

Ld. J. We have been unwillingly, Madam, silent Witnesses to this shameful Scene. I blush that a Creature, who wears the outward Mark of Humanity, shou'd be in his Morals so much below —

Crab. Pry'thee why didst thou not call thy Maids, and toss the Booby in a Blanket?

Ld. J.

Ld. *J.* If I might be permitted, Madam, to conclude what I intended saying, when interrupted by Mr. *Crab*—

Luc. My Lord, don't think me guilty of Affectation. I believe, I guess at your generous Design; but my Temper is really so ruffled, besides I am meditating a Piece of female Revenge on this Coxcomb.

Ld. *J.* Dear Madam, can I assist?

Luc. Only by desiring my Maid to bring hither the Tea.—My Lord, I am confounded at the Liberty, but —

Ld. *J.* No Apology. You honour me, Madam. *Exit.*

Crab. And pry'thee, Wench, what is thy Scheme?

Luc. Oh, a very harmless one, I promise you.

Crab. Zounds, I am sorry for it. I long to see the Puppy severely punish'd, methinks.

Luc. Sir *Charles*, I fancy, can't be yet got out of the House. Will you desire him to step hither?

Crab. I'll bring him.

Luc. No, I wish to have him alone.

Crab. Why then I'll send him. *Exit.*

Enter Lettice.

Luc. Place these Things on the Table, a Chair on each Side: Very well. Do you keep within Call. But hark, he is here. Leave me, *Lettice.*

Exit Lettice.

Enter

Enter Buck.

Buck. So, so, I thought she wou'd come to; but, I confess, not altogether so soon. *Eh bien, ma Belle*, see me ready to receive your Commands.

Luc. Pray be seated, Sir *Charles*. I am afraid the natural Warmth of my Temper might have hurry'd me into some Expressions, not altogether so suitable.

Buck. Ah, *Bagatelle*. Name it not.

Luc. *Voulez-vous du Thé, Monsieur?*

Buck. *Volontiers*. This Tea is a pretty, innocent Kind of Beverage; I wonder the *French* don't take it. I have some Thoughts of giving it a Fashion next Winter.

Luc. That will be very obliging. It is of extreme Service to the Ladies this Side the Water, you know.

Buck. True, it promotes Parties, and infuses a Kind of Spirit into Conversation, that—

Luc. *En voulez-vous encore?*

Buck. *Je vous rends mille Graces*.—But what has occasioned me, *ma Reine*, the Honour of your Message by Mr. *Crab*?

Luc. The Favours I have received from your Family, Sir *Charles*, I thought, demanded from me, at my quitting your House, a more decent, and ceremonious *Adieu*, than our last Interview wou'd admit of.

Buck. Is that all, *ma Chere*? I thought your flinty Heart had, at last, relented. Well, *ma Reine, Adieu*.

Luc. Can you then leave me?

Buck. The Fates will have it so.

G

Luc.

Luc. Go then; perfidious Traytor, be gone; I have this Consolation however, that if I cannot legally possess you, no other Woman shall.

Buck. Hey, how, what?

Luc. And tho' the Pleasure of living with you is deny'd me, in our Deaths, at least, we shall soon be united.

Buck. Soon be united in Death? When, Child?

Luc. Within this Hour.

Buck. Which Way?

Luc. The fatal Draught's already at my Heart. I feel it here; it runs thro' every Pore. Pangs, Pangs, unutterable! The Tea we drank, urg'd by Despair and Love—Oh!

Buck. Well!

Luc. I poison'd.

Buck. The Devil!

Luc. And as my generous Heart wou'd have shar'd all with you, I gave you half.

Buck. Oh, curse your Generosity!

Luc. Indulge me in the cold Comfort of a last Embrace.

Buck. Embrace! O confound you! But it may'nt be too late. *Macrutben, Jonquil,* Physicians, Apothecaries, Oil and Antidotes. Oh! *Je meurs, Je meurs.* Ah, la Diablesse!

Enter Lord John and Crab. Exit.

Crab. A brave Wench. I cou'd kiss thee for this Contrivance.

Ld. J. He really deserves it all.

Crab. Deserves it! Hang him. But the sensible Resentment of this Girl has almost reconciled

reconciled me to the World again. But stay, let us see—Can't we make a farther use of the Puppy's Punishment? I suppose, we may very safely depend on your Contempt of him?

Luc. Most securely.

Crab. And this young Thing here, has been breathing Passions and Protestations. But I'll take care, my Girl sha'nt go a Beggar to any Man's Bed. We must have this twenty thousand Pound, *Lucy*.

Ld. J. I regard it not. Let me be happy, and let him be—

Crab. Psha, don't scorch me with thy Flames. Reserve your Raptures; or, if they must have Vent, retire into that Room, whilst I go plague the Puppy.

Enter Buck, Macruthen, Jonquil, Bearnois, La Loire, Physician, Surgeon. *Buck in a Cap and Night Gown.*

Surg. This copious Phlebotomy will abate the Inflammation, and if the six Blisters on your Head and Back rise, why there may be Hopes.

Buck. Cold Comfort. I burn, I burn, I burn—Ah, there's a Shoot. And now, again, I freeze.

Mac. Ay, they are aw Symptoms of a strong Poyson.

Buck. Oh, I am on the Rack.

Mac. Oh, if it be got to the Vitals, a Fig for aw Antidotes.

Enter Crab.

Crab. Where is this miserable Devil? What's he alive still?

Mac. In gude Troth, and that's aw.

Buck. Oh !

Crab. So, you have made a pretty piece of Work on't, young Man !

Buck. O what cou'd provoke me to return from *Paris* ?

Crab. Had you never been there, this cou'd not have happened.

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.

Rack. Where is he ?—He's a dead Man, his Eyes are fix'd already.

Buck. Oh !

Tally. Who poison'd him, *Racket* ?

Rack. Gad I don't know. His *French* Cook, I reckon.

Crab. Were there a Possibility of thy Reformation, I have yet a Secret to restore thee.

Buck. Oh give it, give it.

Crab. Not so fast. It must be on good Conditions.

Buck. Name 'em. Take my Estate, my—save but my Life, take all.

Crab. First then renounce thy Right to that Lady, whose just Resentment has drawn this Punishment upon thee ; and, in which she is an unhappy Partaker.

Buck. I renounce her from my Soul.

Crab. To this Declaration you are Witnesses. Next, your tawdry Trappings, your foreign Foppery, your Washes, Paints, Pomades, must blaze before your Door.

Buck. What, all ?

Crab. All ; not a Rag shall be reserv'd. The Execution of this Part of your Sentence shall be assign'd to your old Friends here.

Buck.

Buck. Well, take 'em.

Tally. Huzzah, come *Racket*, let's rummage.

Crab. And, lastly, I'll have these exotic Attendants, these Instruments of your Luxury, these Pandars to your Pride, pack'd in the first Cart, and sent post to the Place from whence they came.

Buck. Spare me but *La Jonquil*.

Crab. Not an Instant. The Importation of these Puppies makes a Part of the Politics of your old Friends, the *French*; unable to resist you, whilst you retain your ancient Roughness, they have Recourse to these Minions, who would first, by unmanly Means, sap and soften all your native Spirit, and then deliver you an easy Prey to their Employers.

Buck. Since then it must be so, *adieu La Jonquil*. *Exeunt.*

Crab. And now to the Remedy. Come forth, *Lucinda*.

Enter Lucinda and Lord John.

Buck. Hey, why did not she swallow the Poison?

Crab. No; nor you neither, you Block-head.

Buck. Why, did not I leave you in Pangs?

Luc. Ay, put on. The Tea was innocent, upon my Honour, Sir *Charles*. But you allow me to be an excellent Actrice.

Enter Racket and Tallyhoe.

Buck. Oh, curse your Talents!

Crab. This Fellow's public Renunciation, has put your Person and Fortune in your own
Power :

Power : And if you were sincere in your Declaration of being directed by me, bestow it there.

Luc. As a Proof of my Sincerity, my Lord, receive it.

Ld. J. With more Transport, than Sir Charles the News of his Safety.

Luc. to Buck. You are not, at present, in a Condition to take Possession of your Post.

Buck. What ?

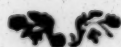
Luc. Oh, you recollect; my Lord's private Friend ; his Assistant you know.

Buck. Oh, oh !

Mac. But, Sir Charles, as I find the Affair of the Poison was but a Joke, had na'ye better withdraw, and tack off your Blisters ?

Crab. No, let 'em stick. He wants 'em. And now concludes my Care. But before we close the Scene, receive, young Man, this last Advice from the old Friend of your Father : As it is your Happiness to be born a Briton, let it be your Boast ; know that the Blessings of Liberty are your Birth-right, which while you preserve, other Nations may envy or fear, but can never conquer or condemn you. Believe, that *French* Fashions are as ill suited to the Genius, as their Politics are pernicious to the Peace of your native Land.

*A Convert to these sacred Truths, you'll find
That Poison for your Punishment design'd
Will prove a wholesome Medicine to your Mind.*





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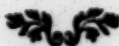
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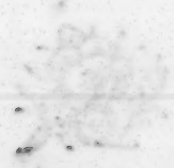
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P R E F A C E.

AS this is the last Opportunity I shall have of addressing the Public this Year, I think it my Duty to return them my warmest Acknowledgments for their favourable Reception of the following little Piece.

The three principal Characters I met with in a Summer's Expedition; they are neither vamp'd from antiquated Plays, pilfer'd from French Farces, nor the baseless Beings of the Poet's Brain. I have given them in their plain natural Habit; they wanted no dramatic Finishing; nor can I claim any other Merit than grouping them together, and throwing them into Action. The Justice done

2

them

them there by the Performers, has been too strongly distinguish'd by the Town, to render any thing from me necessary : I could only wish that the Managers of the Theatres would employ Mr. Castallo, whose peculiar Naïveté, and strict Propriety, would greatly become many Characters on our Stage.



P R O-

P R O L O G U E,

Written and spoke by Mr. FOOT E.

*HAPPY my Muse, had she first turn'd her Art,
From Humour's dangerous Path, to touch the
Heart.*

*They, who in all the Bluster of Blank Verse,
The mournful Tales of Love, and War, rehearse ;
Are sure the Critics Censure to escape,
You hiss not Heroes now, you only——gape.
Nor, (Strangers quite to Heroes, Kings, and Queens,)
Dare you intrude, your Judgment, on their Scenes.
A different Lot the Comic Muse attends,
She is oblig'd, to treat you with your Friends ;
Must search the Court, the Forum, and the City ;
Mark out the Dull, the Gallant and the Witty,
Youth's wild Profusion, th' Avarice of Age ;
Nay, bring the Pit itself, upon the Stage.
First to the Bar, she turns her various Face ;
Hem, my Lord, I am Council in this Case,
And if so be, your Lordship should think fit,
Why to be sure, my Client must submit ;
For why, because—then off she trips again,
And to the Sons of Commerce, shifts her Scene :
There, whilst the griping Sire, with mopeing Care,
Defrauds the World, himself, t' enrich his Heir,
The pious Boy, his Father's Toil rewarding,
For Thousands throws a Main at Covent-Garden.
These are the Portraits we're oblig'd to show ;
You all are Judges if they're like or no :
Here should we sail, some other Shape we'll try,
And grace our future Scenes, with Novelty.*

PROLOGUE.

*I have a Plan to treat you with Burletta,
That cannot mis your Taste, Mia Spilletta.
But should the following Piece your Mirth excite,
From Nature's Volume, we'll persist to write.
Your partial Favour, bad us first proceed;
Then spare th' Offender, since you urg'd the Deed.*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Hartop	—————	—————	Mr. Foote.
Sir Gregory Gazette	—		Mr. Yates.
Jenkins	—————	—————	Mr. Blakes.
Tim	—————	—————	Mr. Castallo.
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Jenny	—————	—————	Miss Minors.
Miss Penelope Trifle	—		Mrs. Cross.
Miss Sucky Trifle	—————		Miss Mills.

THE



THE KNIGHTS.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Room.*

HARTOP *and* JENKINS *discover'd.*

JENKINS.



Should not chuse to marry into such a Family.

Har. Choice, Dear *Dick*, is very little concern'd in the Matter: And to convince you that Love is not the Minister of my Counsels, know, that I never saw but once the Object of my present Purpose; and that too at a Time, and in a Circumstance, not very likely to stamp a favourable Impression. What think you of a raw Boarding-School Girl at *Lincoln* Minster, with a Mind unpolish'd, a Figure uninform'd, and a Set of Features tainted with the Colours of her unwholesome Food?

B

Jenk.

2 THE KNIGHTS.

Jenk. No very engaging Object indeed,
Hartop.

Har. Your Thoughts now were mine then: But some Connections I have since had with her Father, have given Birth to my present Design upon her: You are no Stranger to the Situation of my Circumstances: My Neighbourhood to Sir *Penurious Trifle*, was a sufficient Motive for his advancing what Money I wanted by way of Mortgage: The hard Terms he impos'd upon me, and the little Regard I have paid to Oeconomy, has made it necessary for me to attempt by some Scheme the Re-establishment of my Fortune. This young Lady's Simplicity, not to call it Ignorance, presented her at once as a proper Subject for my Purpose.

Jenk. Success to you, *Jack*, with all my Soul! A Fellow of your Spirit and Vivacity, Mankind ought to support for the Sake of themselves. For whatever *Seneca* and the other moral Writers may have suggested in Contempt of Riches, it is plain their Maxims were not calculated for the World as it now stands: In Days of Yore, indeed, when Virtue was call'd Wisdom, and Vice, Folly, such Principles might have been encourag'd; but as the present Subjects of our Enquiry are, not what a Man is, but what he has; as to be Rich, is to be wise and virtuous, and to be Poor, ignorant and vicious, I heartily applaud your Plan!

Har.

Har. Your Observation is but too just. And is it not, *Dick*, a little unaccountable that we who condescend so servilely to copy the Follies and Fopperies of our polite Neighbours, should be so totally averse to an Imitation of their Virtues? In *France*, has he Wealth? is an Interrogation never put till they are disappointed in their Inquires after the Birth and Wisdom of a fashionable Fellow: But here, How much a Year—Two Thousand.—The Devil! In what County? *Berkshire*. Indeed? God bless us! A happy Dog! How the duce come I to be interested in a Man's Fortune, unless I am his Steward or his Taylor: Indeed Knowledge and Genius are worth examining into; by those my Understanding may be improv'd, or my Imagination gratify'd; but why such a Man's being able to eat *Ortolans*, and drink *French Wine*, is to recommend him to my Esteem, is what I can't readily conceive.

Jenk. This Complaint may with Justice be made of all Imitations: The ridiculous Side is ever the Object imitated. But a Truce to moralizing, and to our Business. Prithce, in the first Place, how can you gain Admittance to your Mistress? And in the second, is the Girl independent of her Father? His Consent, I suppose, you have no Thought of obtaining.

Har. Some farther Proposals concerning my Estate; such as an Increase of the Mort-

gage, or an absolute Sale, is a sufficient Pre-
tence for a Visit: And as to the Cash, Twenty
to my Knowledge; independent too, you
Rogue! And besides, an only Child, you
know: And then, when Things are done,
they can't be undone—And 'tis well it's no
worse—and a Hundred such pretty Proverbs,
will, it's great Odds, reconcile the old Fel-
low at last. Besides, my Papa *in posse*, has a
Foible, which, if I condescend to humour,
I have his Soul, my Dear.

Jenk. Prithee, now you are in Spirits,
give me a Portrait of Sir *Penurious*; tho'
he is my Neighbour, yet is he so domestic an
Animal, that I know no more of him than
the common Country Conversation; that he
is a thrifty, wary Man.

Har. The very Abstract of Penury! Sir
John Cutler, with his transmigrated Stock-
ings, was but a Type of him. For instance,
the Barber has the Growth of his and his
Daughter's Head once a Year, for shaving the
Knight once a Fortnight; his Shoes are made
with the Leather of a Coach of his Grand-
father's, built in the Year, One; his Male-
Servant is Footman, Groom, Carter, Coach-
man, and Taylor; his Maid employs her lei-
sure Hours in Plain-Work for the Neighbours,
which, Sir *Penurious* takes care, as her La-
bour is for his Emolument, shall be as many
as possible, by joining with his Daughter in
scouring the Rooms, making the Beds, &c.
thus

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thus much for his moral Character. Then as to his intellectual, he is a mere *Charte Blanche*; the last Man he is with must afford him Matter for the next he goes to; but a Story is his Idol, throw him in that, and he swallows it; no matter what, raw or roasted, favoury or insipid, down it goes, and up again to the first Person he meets: It is upon this Basis I found my Favour with the Knight, having acquir'd Patience enough to hear his Stories, and equip'd myself with a Quantity sufficient to furnish him; his Manner is indeed peculiar, and for once or twice entertaining enough. I'll give you a Specimen—Is not that an Equipage?

Jenk. Hey! Yes, faith, and the Owner, an Acquaintance of mine: Sir *Gregory Gazette*, by *Jupiter*! and his Son *Tim* with him. Now I can match your Knight. He must come this way to the Parlour. We'll have a Scene; but take your Cue; he is a Country Politician.

Sir Gregory entering, and Waiter.

Sir Greg. What, neither the *Gloucester Journal*, nor the *Worcester Courant*, nor the *Northampton Mercury*, nor the *Chester*? Mr. *Jenkins*, I am your humble Servant: A strange Town this, Mr. *Jenkins*, no News stirring, no Papers taken in! Is that Gentleman a Stranger, Mr. *Jenkins*? Pray, Sir, not to be too bold, you don't come from *London*?
Har.

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Har. But last Night.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! That's Wonderful!
Mr. *Jenkins*, introduce me.

Jenk. Mr. *Hartop*, Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. Sir, I am proud to—Well, Sir,
and what News? You come from—Pray, Sir,
are you a Parliament Man?

Har. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Sir Greg. Good lack! May be belong to
the Law,

Har. Nor that.

Sir Greg. Oh, then in some of the Offices;
the Treasury or the Exchequer.

Har. Neither, Sir.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! That's wonderful!
Well, but Mr.—Pray what Name did Mr.
Jenkins, ah! ah.

Har. *Hartop*,

Sir Greg. Ay, true! What, not of the
Hartops of *Boston*.

Har. No.

Sir Greg. May be not. There is, Mr.
Hartop, one Thing that I envy you *London-*
ers in much:—Quires of News-Papers! Now,
I reckon, you read a Matter of eight Sheets
every Day.

Har. Not one.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Then, may be, you
are about Court; and so being at the Foun-
tain Head, know what is in the Papers before
they are printed.

Har.

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Har. I never trouble my Head about them.
An old Fool!

Sir Greg. Good Lord! Your Friend, Mr. *Jenkins*, is very close.

Jenk. Why, *Sir Gregory*, Mr. *Hartop* is much in the Secrets above; and it becomes a Man so trusted to be wary, you know.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so. Wonderful! Ay, ay, a great Man, no doubt.

Jenk. But I'll give him a better Insight into your Character, and that will induce him to throw off his Reserve.

Sir Greg. May be so; do, do; ay, ay!

Jenk. Prithee, *Jack*, don't be so crusty: Indulge the Knight's Humour a little; besides, if I guess right, it may be necessary for the Conduct of your Design to contract a pretty strict Intimacy there.

Har. Well, do as you will.

Jenk. *Sir Gregory*, Mr. *Hartop's* Ignorance of your Character made him a little shy in his Replies; but you will now find him more communicative; and, in your Ear,—He is a Treasure; he is in all the Mysteries of Government, at the Bottom of every Thing.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! A Treasure! Ay, may be so.

Jenk. And that you may have him to yourself I'll go in search of your Son,

Sir Greg. Do so, do so; *Tim* is without; just come from his Uncle *Tregegle's* at *Mene-gixy*

gizy in *Cornwall*: *Tim* is an honest Lad! Do so, do so. [*Exit Jenk.* Well, Mr. *Hartop*, and so we have a Peace Lack-a-day! Long look'd for come at last. But, pray, Mr. *Hartop*, how many News-Papers may you have printed in a Week?

Har. About a hundred and fifty, Sir *Gregory*.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! And all full, I reckon; full as an Egg; nothing but News! Well, well, I shall go to *London* one of these Days. A hundred and fifty! Wonderful! And, pray now, which do you reckon the best?

Har. Oh, Sir *Gregory*, they are as various in their Excellencies as their Uses; if you are inclin'd to blacken by a couple of Lines the Reputation of a Neighbour, whose Character neither your nor his whole Life can possibly restore; you may do it for two Shillings in one Paper: If you are displaced, or disappointed of a Place, a Triplet against the Ministry will be always well receiv'd at the Head of another: And then as a Paper of Morning Amusement, you have the Fool.

Sir Greg. The Fool! Good lack! And pray who and what may that same Fool be?

Har. Why, Sir *Gregory*, the Author has artfully assumed that Habit, like the royal Jesters of old, to level his Satyr with more Security to himself, and Severity to others.

Sir

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Sir Greg. May be so, may be so! The Fool! Ha, ha, ha! Well enough! A queer Dog, and no Fool, I warrant you. *Killigrew*, ah, I have heard my Grandfather talk much of that same *Killigrew*, and no Fool. But what's all this to News, Mr. *Hartop*? Who gives us the best Account of the King of *Spain*, and the Queen of *Hungary*, and those great Folks? Come now, you could give us a little News if you would; come now!—Snug!—Nobody by. Good now do; come, ever so little.

Har. Why as you so largely contribute to the Support of the Government, it is but fair you should know what they are about. We are at present in a Treaty with the Pope.

Sir Greg. With the Pope! Wonderful! Good now, good now! How, how?

Har. We are to yield him up a large Tract of the *Terra-Incognita*, together with both the *Needles*, *Scilly-Rocks*, and the *Lizard-Point*, on Condition that the Pretender has the Government of *Laputa*, and the Bishop of *Greenland* succeeds to *St. Peter's* Chair; he being, you know, a Protestant, when possessed of the Pontificals, issues out a Bull, commanding all Catholicks to be of his Religion, they deeming the Pope infallible, follow his Directions; and then, *Sir Gregory*, we are all of one Mind.

C

Sir.

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Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack! Rare News, rare News, rare News! Ten Millions of Thanks, Mr. *Hartop*. But might not I just hint this to Mr. *Soakum* our Vicar? 'Twould rejoice his heart.

Har. Oh fie! By no means.

Sir Greg. Only a Line—A little Hint—Do now.

Har. Well, Sir, it is difficult for me to refuse you any Thing.

Sir Greg. Ten thousand Thanks! Now! The Pope—Wonderful! I'll minute it down—Both the Needles?

Har. Ay, both.

Sir Greg. Good now, I'll minute it—The *Lizard-Point*—Both the *Needles*—*Scilly Rocks*—Bishop of *Greenland*—*St. Peter's Chair*—Why then when this is finished we may chance to attack the Great *Turk*, and have Holy-Wars again, Mr. *Hartop*.

Har. That's Part of the Scheme.

Sir Greg. Ah! Good now! You see I have a Head! Politicks have been my Study many a Day. Ah, if I had been in *London* to improve by the News Papers! They tell me Doctor *Drybones* is to succeed to the Bishoprick of *Wisper*.

Har. No; Doctor—

Sir Grey. Indeed! I was told by my Landlord at *Ross*, that it was between him and the Dean of—

Har. To my Knowledge.

Sir

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Sir Greg. Nay, you know best, to be sure: If it should—Hush! Here's Mr. *Jenkins*, and Son *Tim*; mum! Mr. *Jenkins* does not know any Thing about the Treaty with the Pope?

Har. Not a Word.

Sir Greg. Mum!

Enter *Tim* and Mr. *Jenkins*.

Jenk. Master *Timothy* is almost grown out of Knowledge, Sir *Gregory*.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! Ay, ay, Ill Weeds grow a-pace: Son *Tim*, Mr. *Hartop*; a great Man, Child! Mr. *Hartop*, Son *Tim*.

Har. Sir, I shall be always glad to know every Branch that springs from so valuable a Trunk as Sir *Gregory Gazette*.

Sir Greg. May be so. Wonderful! Ay, ay!

Har. Sir I am glad to see you in *Herefordshire*! Have you been long from *Cornwall*?

Tim. Ay, Sir; a Matter of four Weeks or a Month, more or less.

Sir Greg. Well said, *Tim*! Ay, ay, ask *Tim* any Questions, he can answer for himself. *Tim*, tell Mr. *Hartop* all the News about the Elections, and the Tinnors and the Tides, and the Roads and the Pilchards. I want a few Words with my Master *Jenkins*.

Har. You have been so long absent from
C 2 your

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your native Country, that you have almost forgot it.

Tim. Yes sure: I ha' been at Uncle *Treggles* a Matter of Twelve or a Dozen Year, more or less.

Har. Then I reckon you were quite impatient to see your Papa and Mama.

Tim. No sure, not I. Father sent for me to Uncle; sure *Menegizy* is a choice Place! And I could a'stay'd there all my born Days, more or less.

Har. Pray, Sir, what were your Amusements?

Tim. Nan! What d'ye say?

Har. How did you divert yourself?

Tim. Oh, we ha' Pastimes enow there: We ha' Bull-Baiting, and Cock-fighting, and Fishing, and Hunting, and Hurling, and Wrestling.

Har. The two last are Sports for which that Country is very remarkable: In those, I presume, you are very expert.

Tim. Nan! What?

Har. I say you are a good Wrestler.

Tim. Oh! Yes sure, I can wrestle well enow: But we don't wrestle after your fashion: We ha' no Tripping, Fath and Soul! We go all upon close Hugs, or the flying Mare. Will you try a Fall, Master? I want hurt you, Fath and Soul!

Har. We had as good not venture tho', But have you left in *Cornwall* nothing that you

you regret the loss of more than Hurling and Wrestling?

Tim. Nan! What?

Har. No Favourite she?

Tim. Arra, I coupled Favourite and Jowler together, and sure they tug'd it all the Way up. Part with Favourite! No I thank you for nothing! You must know I nurs'd Favourite myself! Uncle's Huntsman was going to Mill-Pond to drown all Musick's Puppies; so I sav'd she: But, fath, I'll tell you a comical Story; at *Lanston*, they both broke loose, and eat a whole Lion-a'-veal, and a Leg of Beef: Crist! How Landlord swear'd! Fath, the poor Fellow was almost maz'd: It made me die wi' Laughing: But how came you to know about our Favourite?

Har. A Circumstance so material to his Son, could not escape the Knowledge of Sir *Gregory Gazette's* Friends. But here you mistook me a little 'Squire *Tim*, I meant whether your Affections were not settled upon some pretty Girl: Has not some *Cornish* Lass caught your Heart?

Tim. Hush! 'God, the old Man will hear; jog a tiny-bit this Way—Won't a'tell Father?

Har. Upon my Honour!

Tim. Why then I'll tell you the whole Story more or less. Do you know *Mally Pengrouse*?

Har. I am not so happy.

Tim.

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Tim. She's Uncle's Milkmaid ; she's as handsome, Lord ; her Face all red and white, like the Inside of a Shoulder of Mutton ; so I made Love to our *Mally* : And just, fath, as I had got her good Will to run away to *Exeter* and be married, Uncle found it out, and sent word to Father ; and Father sent for me home ; but I don't love her a Bit the worser for that : But, 'Icod, if you tell Father, he'll knock my Brains out ; for he says I'll disparage the Family ; and Mother's as mad as a *March Hare* about it : So Father and Mother ha' brought me to be married to some young Body in these Parts.

Har. What, is my Lady here ?

Tim. No sure, Dame *Winifred*, as Father calls her, could not come along.

Har. I am sorry for that ; I have the Honour to be a distant Relation of her Ladyship's.

Tim. Like enough, fath ! She's a-kin to half the World, I think. But don't you say a Word to Father about *Mally Pengrouse*. Hush !

Jenk. Mr. *Hartop*, Sir *Gregory* will be amongst us some time ; he is going with his Son to Sir *Penurious Trifle's* : There is a kind of a Treaty of Marriage on Foot between Miss *Sukey Trifle* and Mr. *Timothy*.

Har. The Devil ! I shall be glad of every Circumstance that can make me better acquainted with Sir *Gregory*.

Sir

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Sir Greg. Good now, good now; may be so, may be so!

Tim. Father, sure the Gentleman says as how Mother and he are a-kin.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Lack-a-day! Lack-a-day! How, how? I am proud to——But how, *Mr. Hartop*, how?

Har. Why, Sir, a Cousin-German of my Aunt's first Husband, inter-marry'd with a distant Relation of a colateral Branch by the Mother's Side the *Apprices* of *Lantrinden*; and we have ever since quarter'd in a 'Scutcheon of Pretence the three Goat's Tails rampant, divided by a Chevron, Field argent; with a Leek pendant in the dexter Point, to distinguish the second House.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! wonderful! nearly, nearly related! Good now, good now, if Dame *Winifred* was here, she'd make 'em all out with a wet Finger; but they are above me. Prithce, *Tim*, good now, see after the Horses——And d'ye hear? Try if you can get any News-Papers.

Tim. Yes, Father——But, Cousin *What-d'ye-call-um*, not a Word about *Mally Pengrouse*.

Hart. Mum! *Exit Tim.*

Sir Greg. Good now, that Boy will make some Mistake about the Horses now! I'll go myself. Good now, no farther, Cousin; if you please, no-Ceremony——A hundred and fifty

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fifty a Week! The Fool! ha, ha, ha! Wonderful! An odd Dog. *Exit Sir Greg.*

Jenk. So, *Jack*, here's a fresh Spoke in your Wheel.

Har. This is a cursed cross Incident.

Jenk. Well, but something must be done to frustrate the Scheme of your new Cousin's. Can you think of nothing?

Har. I have been hammering: Pray, are the two Knights intimate? Are they well acquainted with each other's Person?

Jenk. Faith, I can't tell: But we may soon know.

Har. Cou'd you recommend me a good-spirited Girl, who has Humour and Compliance to follow a few Directions; and Understanding enough to barter a little Inclination for 3,000 *l.* a Year, and a Fool?

Jenk. In part I guess your Design: The Man's Daughter of the House is a good lively Lass, has a Fortune to make, and no Reputation to lose. I'll call her—*Jenny*! But the Enemy's at hand—I'll withdraw and prepare *Jenny*. When the worshipful Family are retir'd, I'll introduce the Wench. *Exit Jenk.*

Enter Sir Gregory and Tim.

Sir Greg. Pray now, Cousin, are you in Friendship with Sir *Penurious Trifle*?

Har. I have the Honour, Sir, of that Gentleman's Acquaintance.

Sir

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so! But, lack-a-day, Cousin, is he such a Miser as Folks say? Good now, they tell me we shall hardly have Necessaries for ourselves and Horses at *Gripe-Hall*: But as you are a Relation, you should, good now, know the Affairs of the Family. Here's Sir *Penurious's* Letter; here, Cousin.

Har. Your Overture I receive with Pleasure, and should be glad to meet you in *Shropshire*. I fancy, from a thorough Knowledge of Sir *Penurious's* Disposition, and by what I can collect from the Contents of that Letter, he would be much better pleas'd to meet you here, than at his own House.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, may be so! A strange Man! Wonderful! But, good now, Cousin, what must we do?

Har. I this Morning pay'd Sir *Penurious* a Visit; and if you'll honour me with your Commands, I'll—

Sir Greg. Wonderful, To-day! Good now, that's lucky! Cousin, you are very kind: Good now, I'll send a Letter, *Tim*, by Cousin *Hartop*.

Har. A Letter from so old an Acquaintance, and upon so happy an Occasion, will secure me a favourable Reception.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack, an old Acquaintance, indeed, Cousin *Hartop*! We were at *Hereford's*ife together—Let's see, wonderful, how long ago? 'Twas while I

D

was

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was courting Dame *Winny*; the Year before I married her—Good now, how long? Let's see—That Year the Hackney Stable was built, and *Peter Ugly* the blind Pad fell into a Saw-pit.

Tim. Mother says Father and she was marry'd the First of *April* in the Year Ten; and I knows 'tis there about, for I am two and Thirty; and Brother *Jeremy*, and *Roger*, and *Gregory*, and Sister *Nelly*, were born'd before I.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! How Time wears away! Wonderful! Thirty-eight Years ago, *Tim*; I could not have thought it. But come in, let's set about the Letter. But pray, Cousin, what Diversions, good now, are going forward in *London*?

Har. Oh, Sir, we are in no Distress for Amusements; we have Plays, Balls, Puppet-Shows, Masquerades, Bull-baitings, Boxings, Burlettas, Routs, Drums, and a thousand others; but I am in haste for your Epistle, *Sir Gregory*.

Sir Greg. Cousin, your Servant.

Exit Sir Greg. and Tim.

Har. I am your most obedient.—Thus far our Scheme succeeds: And if *Jenkins's* Girl can assume the aukward Pertness of the Daughter, with as much Success as I can imitate the spirited Folly of *Sir Penurious* the Father, I don't despair of a happy Catastrophe.

Enter

Enter Jenny.

Jenny. Sir, Mr. *Jenkins*—

Har. Oh, Child, your Instructions shall be administer'd within.

Jenny. Mr. *Jenkins* has open'd your Design, and I am ready and able to execute my Part.

Har. My Dear, I have not the least Doubt of either your Inclination or Ability.—But, pox take this old Fellow! What in the Devil's Name can bring him back? Scour, *Jenny*.

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Cousin, I beg Pardon, but I have a Favour to beg—Good now, could not you make Interest at some Coffee-House in *London* to buy, for a small Matter, the old Books of News-Papers, and send them into the Country to me? They would pass away the Time rarely in a rainy Day.

Har. Sir, I'll send you a Cart-load.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now: Ten thousand Thanks! You are a Cousin indeed! But pray, Cousin, let us, good now, see some of the Works of that same *Fool*.

Har. I'll send them you all; but a—

Sir Greg. What, all? Lack a-day, that's kind, Cousin! The *Terra Incognita*—Both the *Needles*—a great deal of that! But what Bishop is to be Pope?

Har. Zounds, Sir! I am in haste for your Letter— When I return, ask as many Questions—

Sir Greg. Good now, good now, that's true—I'll. in, and about it—But, Cousin, the Pope is not to have *Gibraltar*?

Har. No, no; damn it, no! As none but the *Fool* could say it, so none but *Idiots* would believe him. Pray, Sir *Gregory*—

Sir Greg. Well, well, Cousin! Lack a-day, you are so—But, pray—

Har. Damn your praying! If you don't finish your Letter immediately, you may carry it yourself.

Sir Greg. Well, well, Cousin! Lack-a-day, you are in such a— Good now! I go, I go.

Har. But if the Truth should be discover'd, I shall be inevitably disappointed.

Sir Greg. But, Cousin, are *Scilly Rocks*—

Har. I wish they were in your Guts, with all my Heart! I must quit the Field, I find.

Exit.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Good now, good now, a passionate Man! Lack-a-day, I am glad the Pope is not to have *Gibraltar* tho'!

ACT



A C T II.

S C E N E.

Sir GREGORY, and TIM reading News to him, discovered.

Tim. **C**onstantinople, N. S. Nov. 15, the Grande Seignieur—

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! Good now, *Tim*, the Politicks, Child: And read the Stars, and the Dashes, and the Blanks, as I taught you, *Tim*.

Tim. Yes, Father—We can assure our Readers that the D— Dash is to go to F Blank; and that a certain noble L— is to resign his P—e in the T—y, in order to make r—m for the two three Stars.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Good now! Good now! Great News, *Tim*! Ah, I knew the two three Stars would come in Play one time or other, This *London Evening* knows more than any of them. Well, Child, well,

Tim. From the *D. J.*

Sir Greg. Ay, that's the *Dublin Journal*. Go on, *Tim*.

Tim. Last Saturday a Gang of Highwaymen broke into an empty House on *Ormond-Quay*, and strip'd it of all the Furniture.

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Sir Greg. Lack-a-day; wonderful! To what a height these Rogues are grown.

Tim. The way to Mr. *Keith's* Chapel is turn of your—

Sir Greg. Pshaw! Skip that, *Tim*; I know that Road as well as the Doctor! 'Tis in every Time.

Tim. *I Ward*, at the *Cat and Gridiron*, *Petticoat-Lane*; makes Tabby all over for People inclined to be crooked; And if he was to have the universal World for making a Pair of Stays he could not put better Stuff in them—

Sir Greg. Good now; where's that, *Tim*?

Tim. At the *Cat and Gridiron*, Father.

Sir Greg. I'll minute that: All my Lady *Isard's* Children, good now, are inclined to be crooked.

Enter a Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Mr. *Jenkins* beg's to speak with you.

Sir Greg. Good now; desire him to walk in.

Enter Jenkins.

Jenk. I thought it might not be improper to prepare you for a Visit from Sir *Penurious Trifle*: I saw him and his Daughter alight at the Apothecary's above.

Sir Greg. What, they are come, wonderful! Very kind, very kind, very kind, indeed, Mr.—Come, *Tim*, settle my Cravat: Good

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Good now, let's be a little decent: Remember your best Bow to your Mistress, *Tim*.

Tim. Yes, Father: But must not I kiss Miss *Suck*?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, ay, ay! Pray, is Cousin *Hartop*, come along?

Jenk. I have not seen him: But, I fancy, I had better introduce my Neighbours.

Sir Greg. Good now, would you be so kind! *Exit Jenkins*. Stand behind me, *Tim*.—Pull down your Ruffles, Child.

Tim. But, Father, won't Miss *Suck* think me bold if I kiss her Chops the first Time?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! No, *Tim*, no: Faint Heart never won fair Lady. Ha! *Tim*, had you but seen me attack Dame *Winny*! But Times ar'n't as they were! Good now, we were another kind of Folks in those Days; stout, hearty Smacks, that would ha' made your Mouth water again; and the Mark stood upon the pouting Lip like the Print upon a Pound of Butter. But the Master-Misses of the present Age go, lack-a-day, as gingerly about it, as if they were afraid to fill their Mouths with the Paint upon their Mistresses Cheeks. Ah, the Days I have seen.

Tim. Nay, Father, I warrant, if that's all, I kiss her hearty enow, Fath and Sole!

Sir Greg. Hush, *Tim*, hush! Stand behind me, Child.

Enter

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Enter *Hartop* as *Sir Penurious Trifle*, and
Jenny as *Miss Sukey*, and *Jenkins*.

Sir Greg. *Sir Penurious*, I am overjoy'd!
—Good now!

Sir Pen. *Sir Gregory*, I kiss your Hand!
My Daughter *Suck*.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! *Miss*, I am proud
to—Son *Tim*—*Sir Penurious*—Best Bow,
Child—*Miss Suck*—

Tim. An't that right, Father? [*kisses her*.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! I am
glad to see you look so well! You keep your
own, *Sir Penurious*.

Sir Pen. Ay, ay, stout enough, *Sir Gregory*,
stout enough, Brother Knight! Hearty as an
Oak; hey, *Dick*? Gad, now I talk of an
Oak, I'll tell you a Story of an Oak; it will
make you die with Laughing; hey, you *Dick*,
you have heard it: Shall I tell it, *Sir Gregory*?

Jenk. Tho' I have heard it so often, yet
there is something so engaging in your Man-
ner of telling a Story, that it always appears
new.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Good now, good now,
I love a comical Story. Pray, *Sir Penurious*,
let's have it: Mind, *Tim*, mind, Child.

Tim. Yes, Father; Fath and Sole, I love a
choice Story to my Heart's Blood!

Sir Pen. You, Knight, I was at *Bath* last
Summer—A Water that People drink when
they are ill: You have heard of the *Bath*,
Dick? Hey, you! *Tim.*

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Tim. Yes, Fath, I know *Bath*; I was there in Way up.

Sir Greg. Hush, *Tim*; good now, hush!

Sir Pen. There's a Coffee-House, you, a Place where People drink Coffee and Tea, and read the News.

Sir Greg. Pray, *Sir Penurious*, how many Papers may they take in?

Sir Pen. Pshaw! Damn the News! Mind the Story.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! A hasty Man, *Tim*!

Sir Pen. Pox take you both! I have lost the Story—Where did I leave off, hey, you *Dick*?

Tim. About Coffee and Tea.

Sir Pen. Right, you, right! True, true! So, God, you Knight, I us'd to Breakfast at this Coffee-House every Morning, it cost me eight Pence tho', and I had always a Breakfast at Home—No Matter for that tho'! There I breakfasted; you *Dick*, God, at the same Table with Lord *Tom Truewit*—You have heard of *Truewit*, you, Knight; a Droll Dog! You *Dick*, he told us the Story and made us die with Laughing: You have heard of *Charles the Second*, you Knight, he was Son of *Charles the First*; King here in *England*, that was beheaded by *Oliver Cromwell*, so what does *Charles the Second*, you Knight, do; but he fights *Noll* at *Worcester*, a Town you have heard of, not far off; but all would not

E

do,

do, you; God, *Noll* made him scamper, made him run; take to his Heels, you Knight; *Truewit* told us the Story, made us die with Laughing; I always breakfasted at the Coffee-House, it cost me 8 *d.* tho' I had a Breakfast at Home—So, what does *Charles* do, but he hid himself in an Oak, an Oak Tree, you, in a Wood call'd *Boscobel*, from two *Italian* Words, *Bosco Bello*, a fine Wood, you; and off he marches: But old *Noll* would not let him come home; no, says he, you don't come here—Lord *Tom* told us the Story; made us die with Laughing; it cost me 8 *d.* tho' I had a Breakfast at home: So, you Knight, when *Noll* dy'd; *Monk* there, you, afterwards *Albemarle*, in the North brought him back: So, you, the Cavaliers, you have heard of them? They were Friends to the *Stuarts*, what did they do, God, you *Dick*, but they put up *Charles* in a Sign, the Royal Oak, you have seen such Signs at Country Alchouses: So, God, you, what does a *Puritan* do, the *Puritans* were Friends to *Noll*, but he puts up the Sign of an Owl in an Ivy Bush, and underneath he writes, *This is not the Royal Oak*: You have seen Writings under Signs, you Knight: Upon this, says the Royalists, God this must not be; so, you, what do they do, but, God, they prosecuted the poor *Puritan*; but they made him change his Sign tho': And, you *Dick*, how d'ye think they chang'd? God, he puts up the
 Royal

Royal Oak ; and underneath he writes, *This is not the Owl in the Ivy Bush*. It made us all de with Laughing ; Lord *Tom* told the Story ; I always breakfasted at the Coffee-house, tho' it cost me 8 *d.* and I had a Breakfast at home, hey, you, Knight ; what, *Dick*, hey !

Sir Greg. Good now, good now ; wonderful !

Tim. A choice Tale, Fath !

Jenk. Oh, Sir *Penurious* is a most entertaining Companion that must be allow'd.

Sir Greg. Good now, ay, ay, a merry Man ! But, lack-a-day, would not the young Lady chuse a little Refreshment after her Ride ? Some Tea, or some——

Sir Pen. Hey, you Knight ! No, no ; we intend to dine with thee, Man. Well, you, *Tim*, what dost think of thy Father-in-law that is to be, hey ? A jolly Cock, you *Tim*, hey *Dick*. But prithee, Boy, what dost do with all this rawdry Tinsel on ? That Hat and Waistcoat ? Trash, Knight, Trash ! More in thy Pocket and less in thy Cloaths ; hey, you *Dick* ? God, you Knight, I'll make you laugh : I went to *London*, you *Dick*, last Year to call in a Mortgage ; and what does me I, *Dick*, but take a Trip to a Coffee House in *St. Martin's Lane*, in comes a *French* Fellow forty Times as fine as *Tim*, with his Muff and *Parlevous*, and his *Francés* ; and his Head, you Knight, as white with Powder, God, you, as

a twelfth Cake: And who the Devil d'ye think, *Dick*, this might be, hey, you Knight?

Sir Greg. Good now, an Ambassador to be sure.

Sir Pen. God, you Knight, nor better nor worse then *Mynbeer Vancaper*, a *Dutch* Figure Dancer at the Opera-House in the *Haymarket*.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Good now, good now!

Sir Pen. Pshaw! Pox, prithee, *Tim*, nobody dresses now; all plain; look at me, Knight, I am in the Tip of the Mode; now am I in full Dress, hey, *Dick*?

Jenk. You, Sir, don't want the Aids of Dress: But in Mr. *Gazette*, a little Regard to that Particular is but a necessary Compliment to his Mistress.

Sir Pen. Stuff, *Dick*, stuff! My Daughter, Knight, has had other guests Breeding; hey you! *Suck*, come forward. Plain as a Pike-Staff, Knight, all as Nature made her; hey, *Tim*, no Flams: Prithee, *Tim*, off with thy Lace and burn it; 'twill help to buy the Licence: She'll not like thee a bit the better for that; hey, *Suck*! But, you Knight; God, *Dick*, a Toast and Tankard would not be amiss after our Walk; hey, you?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! What you will, Sir *Penurious*.

Sir Pen. God, that's hearty you! But we won't part the young Couple, hey; I'll send
Suck

Suck some Bread and Cheese in; hey, Knight!
At her, *Tim*. Come, *Dick*; come, you,
Knight. Did I ever tell you my Courtship,
hey, *Dick*? 'Twill make you laugh.

Jenk. Not as I remember.

Sir Greg. Lack a-day, let's have it.

Sir Pen. You know my Wife was blind,
you, Knight.

Sir Greg. Good now; wonderful! Not I.

Sir Pen. Blind as a Beetle when I marry'd
her, Knight: Hey, *Dick*! She was drown'd
in our Orchard: Maid *Bess*, Knight, went to
Market, you, *Dick*; and Wife rambled into
the Orchard, and fouse, drop'd into the Fish-
pond: We found her out next Day, but she
was dead as a Herring: No help for that,
Dick; buried her tho', hey, you! She was
only Daughter to Sir *Tristram Muckworm*,
you; rich enough, you, hey! God, you,
what does she do, you, but she falls in Love
with young *Sleek* her Father's Chaplain, hey,
you! Upon that, what does me I, but slips
on *Domine's* Robes, you, pass'd myself upon
her for him, and we were tack'd together,
you, Knight, hey! God, tho' I believe she
never lik'd me; but what signifies that, hey,
Dick! She was rich, you. But come, let's
leave the Children together.

Sir Greg. Sir, I wait on you.

Sir Pen. Nay, pray—

Sir Greg. Goodd now, good now, 'tis im-
possible—

Sir

Sir Pen. Pox of Ceremony! You, *Dick*, hey? God, Knight, I'll tell you a Story: One of our Ambassadors in *France*, you, a devilish polite Fellow reckon'd, *Dick*: God, you, what does the King of *France* do, but, says he, I'll try the Manners of this fine Gentleman: So, Knight, going into a Coach together, the King would have my Lord go first: Oh, an't please your Majesty, I can't indeed; you, hey, *Dick*! Upon which, what does me the King, but he takes his Arm thus, you, *Dick*, am I King of *France*, or you? Is it my Coach or yours? and so pushes him in thus. Hey, *Dick*!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! He, he, he!

Sir Pen. God, *Dick*, I believe I have made a Mistake here; I should have gone in first; hey, *Dick*! Knight, God, you, beg Pardon. Yes, your Coach, not mine; your House, not mine; hey, Knight!

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a merry Man, Mr. *Jenkins*. *Exit the two Knts. and Jenk.*

Tim. Father and Cousin are gone, Fath and Sole!

Jenny. I fanfy my Lover is a little puzzled how to begin.

Tim. How—Fath and Sole, I don't know what to say: How d'ye do, Miss *Sack*?

Jenny. Pretty well, thank you.

Tim. You have had a choice Walk.—'Tis a rare Day, Fath and Sole.

Jenny.

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Jenny. Yes, the Day's well enough.

Tim. Is your House a good way off here?

Jenny. Dree or four Mile.

Tim. That's a good long Walk, fath!

Jenny. I make nothing of it, and back again.

Tim. Like enow. (*Whistles.*)

Jenny. (*Sings.*)

Tim. You have a rare Pipe of your own, Miss.

Jenny. I can sing loud enough, if I have a Mind: But Father don't love Singing.

Tim. Like enow. (*Whistles.*)

Jenny. And I an't over fond of Whistling.

Tim. Hey! ay, like enow: And I am a bitter bad Singer.

Jenny. Hey! ay, like enough.

Tim. Pray, Miss *Suck*, did ever any body make Love to you before?

Jenny. Before! When?

Tim. Before now.

Jenny. What if I won't tell you?

Tim. Why then you must let it alone, Fath and Sale.

Jenny. Like enough.

Tim. Pray, Miss *Suck*, did your Father tell you any thing?

Jenny. About what?

Tim. About I.

Jenny. What should a tell?

Tim. Tell! Why, as how I and Father was come a voing.

Jenny.

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Jenny. Who?

Tim. Why, you. Could you like me for a Sweet-heart, Miss *Suck*?

Jenny. I don't know.

Tim. Mayhap somebody may ha' got your good Will already?

Jenny. And what then?

Tim. Then! Hey, I don't know. But if you could fancy me——

Jenny. For what?

Tim. For your True lover.

Jenny. Well, what then?

Tim. Then: Hey! Why, fath, we may chance to be marry'd, if the old Folks agree together.

Jenny. And suppose I won't be marry'd to you?

Tim. Nay, Miss *Suck*, I can't help it, Fath and Sole. But Father and Mother bid me come a courting: And if you won't ha' me, I'll tell Father so.

Jenny. You are in a woundy Hurry, me-thinks.

Tim. Not I, fath! You may stay as long as——

Enter Waiter.

Wait. There's a Woman without wants to speak with Mr. *Timothy Gazette*.

Tim. That's I. I am glad on'r. Well, Miss *Suck*, your Servant. You'll think about it, and let's know your Mind when I come back.—

back.—God, I don't care whether she likes me or no; I don't like her half so well as *Mally Pengrouse*—Well, your Servant, Miss *Suck*. *Exit. Tim.*

Jenny. Was there ever such an unlick'd Cub? I don't think his Fortune a sufficient Reward for sacrificing my Person to such a Booby: But as he has Money enough, it shall go hard but I please myself: I fear I was a little too backward with my Gentleman: But however, a favourable Answer to his last Question will soon settle Matters.

Enter Jenkins.

Jenk. Now, *Jenny*, what News, Child? Are things fix'd? Are you ready for the nuptial Knot?

Jenny. We are in a fair way: I thought to have quicken'd my Swain's Advances by a little affected Coyness; but the Trap would not take: I expect him back in a Minute, and then leave it to my Management.

Jenk. Where is he gone?

Jenny. The Drawer called him to some Woman.

Jenk. Woman! He neither knows or is known by any Body here. What can this mean? No Counterplot! But, pox, that's impossible! You have not blab'd *Jenny*?

Jenny. My Interest would prevent me.

Jenk. Upon that Security any Woman
F may

34 THE KNIGHTS.

may, I think, be trusted. I must after him
tho'. [Exit.]

Jenny. I knew the Time when *Jenkins*
would not have left me so hastily: 'tis odd
that the same Cause that increases the Passion
in one Sex, should destroy it in the other:
The Reason is above my Reach; but the Fact
I am a severe Witness of. Heigh ho!

*Enter Hartop, Sir Penurlous, and Sir Gregory
Gazette.*

Sir Pen. And so, you Knight, says he, you
know Knight, what low Dogs the Ministers
were then, how does your Pot—a Pot, you,
that they put over the Fire to boil Broth and
Meat in.—You have seen a Pot, you Knight
—how does your Pot boil these troublesome
Times? hey you! God, my Lord, says he, I
don't know, I seldom go into my Kitchen;
a Kitchen, you Knight is a Place where they
dress Victuals; roast and boil, and so forth;
God, says he, I seldom go into my Kitchen—
but, I suppose, the Scum is uppermost still;
hey, you Knight! What, God, hey; but
where's your Son, *Sir Gregory*? Good now,
good now, where's *Tim*, *Miss Sukey*? lack-
a-day, what's become of *Tim*?

Jenny. Gone out a tiny bit; he'll be here
presently.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Good now! good
now! Well, and how *Miss Sukey*—has *Tim*?
has he? well, and what, you have—Wonderful!

Enter

Enter a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Sir, I was commanded to deliver this into your own Hands by Mr. *Jenkins*.

Sir Pen. Hey, you, what, a Letter? God so! Any Answer you? hey!

Serv. None, Sir.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, Sir *Penurious* is busy! Well, Miss, and did *Tim* do the Thing? Did he please you? Come now, tell us the whole Story: wonderful! Rare News for Dame *Winny*! ha, *Tim*'s Father's own Son! But come, whisper—ay.

Sir Pen. I have only Time to tell you that your Scheme is blasted: This Instant I encounter'd Mrs. *Penelope Trifle*, with her Niece, they will soon be with you—So then all's over, but let's see what Expedition will do—Well, you Knight, hey! What have they settled? Is the Girl willing!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now, right as my Leg! Ah, *Tim*, little did I think—but, lack-a-day, I wonder where the Boy is! Let's seek him.

Sir Pen. Agreed, you Knight; hey, come.

Enter Jenkins.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, here's Mr. *Jenkins*. Good now, have you seen *Tim*?

Jenk. Your Curiosity shall be immediately satisfied; but I must first have a Word with Sir *Penurious*.

Sir Pen. Well you, what, hey; any News, Dick?

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Jenk. Better than you could hope, your Rival is dispos'd of.

Sir Pen. Dispos'd of! How?

Jenk. Marry'd by this Time, you Rogue! The Woman that wanted him was no other than *Mally Pengrouse*; trudg'd it up all the Way after him, as *Tim* says, I have recommended them to my Chaplain; and before this, the Business is done.

Har. Bravissimo! you Rogue! But how shall I get off with the Knight?

Jenk. Nay that must be your Contrivance.

Har. I have it—suppose I was to own the whole Design to *Sir Gregory*, as our Plan has not succeeded with his Son; and as he seems to have a tolerable Regard for me, it is possible he may assist my Scheme on *Sir Penurious*.

Jenk. 'Tis worth trying however: But he comes.

Sir Greg. Well, good now, Mr. *Jenkins*, have you seen *Tim*? I can't think where the Boy—

Har. 'Tis now Time, *Sir Gregory* to set you clear with respect to some Particulars: I am now no longer *Sir Penurious Trifle*, but your Friend and Relation, *Jack Hartop*.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Good now, good now, Cousin *Hartop*, as I am a living Man—Hey—Well, but, good now, how, Mr. *Jenkins*, hey?

I

Jenk.

Jenk. The Story, Sir *Gregory*, is rather too long to tell you now, but in two Words; my Friend *Hartop* has very long had a Passion for Miss *Trifle*; and was apprehensive your Son's Application would destroy his Views, which, in order to defeat, he assumed the Character of Sir *Penurious*: But he is so captivated with your Integrity and Friendship, that he rather chuses to forego his own Interest, than interrupt the Happiness of your Son.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Good now, good now, that's kind! who could have thought it, Cousin *Hartop*? Lack-a-day, well, but where's *Tim*? hey! good now, and who are you?

Jenk. This, Sir, is *Jenny*, the Handmaid of the House.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! A pestilent Hussy! Ah, *Hartop*, you are a Wag! A pize of your Pots and your Royal Oaks! Lack-a-day, who could ha thought—Ah, *Jenny*, you're a—But where's *Tim*?

Enter Sir Gregory's Servant.

Serv. Wounds, Master! Never stir alive if Master *Tim* has na gone and marry'd *Mally Pengrouse*.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! how, Sirrah, how? Good now, good now, Cousin *Hartop*—*Mally Pengrouse*! who the dickens is she?

Serv.

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Serv. Master *Timothy's* Sweetheart in *Cornwal*.

Sir Greg. And how came she here? Lack-a-day, Cousin;

Serv. She tramp'd it up after Master: Master *Timothy* is without, and says, as how they be marry'd: I wanted him to come in but he's afraid you'll knock'n down.

Sir Greg. Knock'n down! Good now, let me come at him! I'll—ah, Rogue! Lack-a-day, Cousin, shew me where he is! I'll—

Har. Moderate your Fury, good *Sir Gregory*; consider, it is an Evil without a Remedy.

Sir Greg. But what will Dame *Winny* say? Good now, such a Disparagement to—And then, what will *Sir Penurious* say? Lack-a-day, I am almost distracted! And you, you lubberly Dog! Why did not you—I'll—Ah, Cousin *Hartop*! Cousin *Hartop*! Good now, good now,

Har. Dear Sir, be calm; this is no such surprising Matter; we have such Instances in the News Papers every Day.

Sir Greg. Good now, no, Cousin, no.

Har. Indeed *Sir Gregory* it was but last Week that Lord *Lofty's* Son marry'd his Mother's Maid, and Lady *Betty Forward* run away not a Month ago with her Uncle's Butler.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! What in the News? Good now, that's some Comfort however, but what will *Sir Penurious*—

Har.

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Har. As to that, leave him to me, I have a Project to prevent his laughing at you I'll warrant.

Sir Greg. But how, how, Cousin *Hartop*, how?

Har. Sir *Gregory*, dy'e think me your Friend?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, ay, Cousin, ay.

Har. And would you in return serve me in a Circumstance that can't injure yourself?

Sir Greg. Good now, to be sure, Cousin.

Har. Will you then permit me to assume the Figure of your Son, and so pay my Addresses to Miss *Trifle*? I was pretty happy in the Imitation of her Father; and if I could impose upon your Sagacity, I shall find less Difficulty with your Brother Knight.

Sir Greg. Good now! *Tim*! Ah, you could not touch *Tim*.

Har. I warrant you. But see, the young Gentleman.

Enter Tim.

Sir Greg. Ah, *Tim*, *Tim*! little did I— Good now, good now!

Tim. I could not help it now, Fath and Sole: But if you'll forgive me this Time, I'll never do so no more.

Sir Greg. Well, well, if thee can't forgive thyself, I can forgive thee; but thank thy Cousin *Hartop*.

Har. Oh, Sir! if you are satisfy'd, I am rewarded, I wish you Joy; Joy to you, Child.

Sir Greg. Thanks, Cousin *Hartop*.

Enter

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Sir, Mrs. *Penelope Trifle*, with her Niece, being come to Town, and hearing your Worship was in the House, would be glad to pay you their Compliments.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! Wonderful! Here we are all topsy-turvey again! What can be done now, Cousin *Hartop*?

Har. Dick! Shew the Ladies in here, but delay them a little. The luckiest Incident in the World, Sir *Gregory*! If you will be kind enough to lend *Jenkins* your Dress, and Master *Timothy* will favour me with his, I'll make up Matters in a Moment.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, Cousin!

Tim. Fath and sole, you shall have mine dire—

Har. No, no, step into the next Room a Minute, Sir *Gregory*.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, where you will.

Tim. Fath, here will be choice Sport.

Exeunt.

Enter Mrs. Penelope and Suck, with Waiter.

Wait. The Gentlemen will wait on you presently. Would you chuse any Refreshment?

Suck. A Draught of Ale, Friend, for I'm main dry.

Pen. Fie! fie! Niece! Is that Liquor for a young Lady? Don't disparage your Family and

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and Breeding! The Person is to be born that ever saw me touch any thing stronger than Water 'till I was three-and-twenty.

Suck. Troth! Aunt, that's so long ago, that I think there's few People alive who can remember what you did then.

Pen. How! Gillflirt! None of your Fleers! I am glad here's a Husband coming that will take you down: Your Tantrums! You are grown too head-strong and robust for me.

Suck. Gad, I believe you would be glad to be taken down the same way!

Pen. Oh! you are a pert——But see your Lover approaches. Now *Sucky*, be careful, Child: None of your——

Enter Jenkins as Sir Gregory, and Hartop as Tim.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, Lady! I rejoice to see you! Wonderful! And your Niece! *Tim*, the Ladies.

Har. Your Servant, Mistress! I am glad to see you, Miss *Suck*. (*Salutes her.*) . Fath and Sole, Mistress *Suck's* a fine young Woman, more or less!

Suck. Yes, I am well enough, I believe.

Jenk. But, Lady! Where's my Brother *Trifle*? Where Sir *Penurious*?

Suck. Father's at home in Expectation of you, and Aunt and I be come to Town to make Preparations.

G

Jenk.

Jenk. Ay! Wonderful! Pray, Lady! Shall I, good now! Crave a Word in private? *Tim*, will you and your Sweetheart draw back a little?

Har. Yes, Father; come, Miss will you jog a Tinny-bit this Way?

Suck. With all my Heart!

Jenk. There is, Lady, a Wonderful Affair has happen'd, good now! Son *Tim* has fallen in Love with a young Woman at his Uncle's, and 'tis partly to prevent bad Consequences that I am, lack-a-day! so hasty to match him; and one of my Men, good now! tells me that he has seen the Wench since we have been in Town; she has followed us here, sure as a Gun, Lady! If *Tim* sees the Girl he'll never marry your Niece.

Pen. It is indeed, Sir *Gregory Gazette*, a most critical Conjunction, and requires the most mature Deliberation.

Jenk. —Deliberation! Lack-a-day! Lady! Whilst we deliberate the Boy will be lost.

Pen. Why, Sir *Gregory Gazette*, what Operations can we determine upon.

Jenk. Lack-a-day! I know but one.

Pen. Administer your Proposition, Sir *Gregory Gazette*, you will have my Concurrence, Sir, in any Thing that does not derogate from the Regulations of Conduct; for it would be most preposterous in one of my Character, to deviate from the strictest Attention.

Jenk.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, Lady! No such Matter is wanted. But, good now! Could not we tack the young Couple together directly? Your Brother and I have already agreed.

Pen. Are the previous Preliminaries settled, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Jenk. Good now! As firm as a Rock, Lady!

Pen. Why, then to preserve your Son, and accomplish the Union between our Families, I have no Objections to the Acceleration of their Nuptials, provided the Child is inclined, and a Minister may be procur'd.

Jenk. Wonderful! You are very good! Good now! There has been one Match already in the House to Day. We may have the same Parson; here! *Tim*! And young Gentlewoman!—Well, Miss! Wonderful and how? Has, *Tim*? Hey, Boy! Is not Miss a fine young Lady?

Har. Fath and Sole, Father! Miss is a charming young Woman! All red and white, like *Mally*—Hum!

Jenk. Hush, *Tim*, well, and Miss how does my Boy: He's an honest hearty Lad! Has he? Good now! had the Art? How d'ye like him, young Gentlewoman?

Suck. Liken? Well enough, I think,

Jenk. Why, then, Miss, with your Leave your Aunt and I here have agreed, if you are willing to have the Wedding over directly.

Suck. Gad! With all my Heart. Ask the young Man.

Har. Fath and Sole! Just as you please, To-day, To-morrow, or when you will, more or less.

Jenk. Good now, Good now! then get you in there, there you will find one to do your Business: wonderful! Matters will soon be managed within. Well, Lady, this was, good now, so kind! Lack-a-day! I verily believe if Dame *Winny* was dead that I should be glad to lead up such another Dance with you, Lady!

Pen. You are, Sir, something too precipitate: Nor would there, did Circumstances concur as you insinuate, be so absolute a Certitude, that I who have rejected so many Matches should instantaneously succumb.

Pink. Lack-a-day! Lady! Good now! I——

Pen. No, Sir; I would have you instructed, that had not *Penelope Trifle* made irrefragable Resolutions, she need not so long have preserved her Family Sirname.

Jenk. Wonderful! Why, I was only——

Pen. Nor has the Title of *Lady Gazette*, such resplendant Charms or such bewitching Allurements, as to throw me at once into the Arms of Sir *Gregory*——

Jenk. Good now! Who says——

Pen. Could Wealth, Beauty, or Titles superior to perhaps——

Enter

Enter Sir Gregory, Roger, and Tim.

Tim. Yes, indeed, Father; Mr. *Hartop* knew on't as well as I; and Mr. *Jenkins* got us a Parson.

Sir Greg. Good now! good now! a rare Couple of Friends! But I'll be even with them! I'll marr their Market! Master *Jenkins*, you have fobb'd me finely!

Jenk. Lack-a-day! What's the Matter now?

Sir Greg. Come, come, none of your Lack-a-day! None of your Gambols, nor your Tricks to me; good now, good now! give me my Cloaths! Here take your tawdry Trappings, I have found you out at last: I'll be no longer your Property.

Jenk. Wonderful! What's all this? Lady! good now! good now! What's here, a Stage-Play?

Sir Greg. Play me no Plays! But give me my Wig! and your precious Friend my loving Cousin, (Poiz on the Kindred) let'n—

Jenk. Good now! good now! What are these Folks? As sure as a Gun they're mad.

Sir Greg. Mad! no, no! We are neither mad nor Fools; no Thanks to you tho'.

Pen. What is all this? Can you unravel this Perplexity, untwine this Mystery, Sir *Gregory Gazette*?

Sir Greg. He, Sir *Gregory Gazette*? Lack-a-day, Lady! you are tricked, imposed on, bam-boozled;

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boozled ; good now ! good now ! 'Tis I am Sir *Gregory Gazette*.

Pen. How !

Tim. Fath and Sole, 'tis true, Mistress ! And I am his Son *Tim*, and will swear it.

Pen. Why is n't Mr. *Timothy Gazette* with my Niece *Susannab Trifle* ?

Tim. Who, me ? Lord ! no 'tis none of I, it is Cousin *Hartop* in my Cloaths.

Pen. What's this ? And pray Who—

Jenk. Why, as I see the Affair is concluded, you may, Madam, call me *Jenkins* : Come, *Hartop*, you may now throw off your Disguise ; the Knight had like to have embarrassed us.

Pen. How, Mr. *Jenkins* ! And would you, Sir, participate of a Plot too—

Har. Madam, in the Issue your Family will, I hope, have no great Reason to repent ; I always had the greatest Veneration for Miss *Penelope Trifle's* Understanding ; the highest Esteem ! for her Virtues can intitle me to the Honour of being regarded as her Relation.

Pen. Sir, I shall determine on Nothing, 'till I am apprised of my Brother's Resolution.

Har. For that we must wait. Sir *Gregory*, I must intreat your and your Son's Pardon for some little Liberties I have taken with you both. Mr. *Jenkins* I have the highest Obligation to your Friendship ; and Miss, when we become a little better acquainted, I flatter myself, the Change will not prove unpleasing.

Suck. I know nothing at all about it.

Hart.

THE KNIGHTS. 47

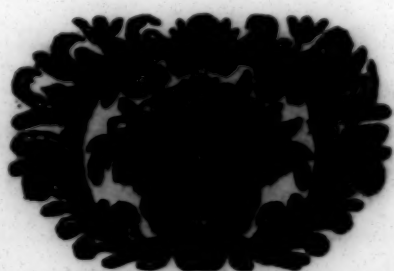
Hart. Sir Gregory, we shall have your Company at Dinner.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, no, no, that Boy has spoil'd my Stomach— Come, *Tim*, fetch thy Rib, and let us be jogging towards *Wales*; but how thou wilt get off with thy Mother——

Tim. Never fear, Father——

*Since you have been pleas'd our Nuptial Knot to
bless,
We shall be happy all our Lives—more or less——*

F I N I S.



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WYOMING
1880
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